The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1603 OCT. 11, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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Definitely the World's BEST Tyre

Specify AVON MOTOR TYRES—AVON-SEIBERLING GIANTS. See them at STAND 472, Olympia.

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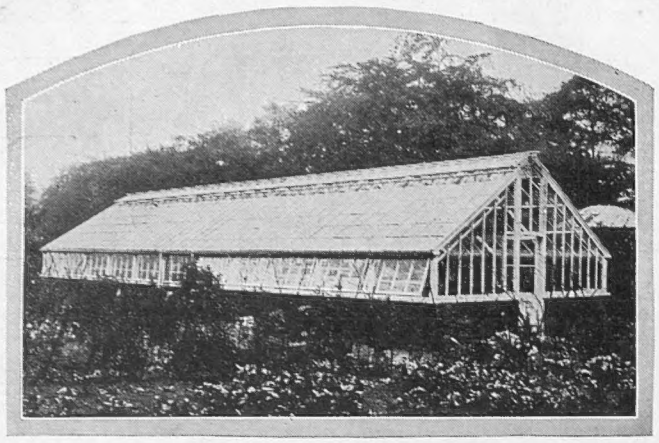

H 42

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BOWLS rumbled the large Stockbroker.
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"'Tis well," mused the well-seasoned globe-trotter, "both for their pleasure and for their pockets that they have come to the

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—and he strolled into the American Bar.

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is frequently marred by the knowledge that the pleasure derived will probably be followed by the injury and discomfort of a roughened and irritated skin. This can be obviated by an application to the face, neck and hands, before and after a game, of

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Free from all injurious matter, delightfully fragrant, it imparts a delightful feeling of freshness and exhilaration to the user, and keeps the skin and complexion beautifully soft and smooth.
Gentlemen should use it before and after shaving. **1/6 & 2/6** per bottle.

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From all Chemists and Stores, or post free direct from:—
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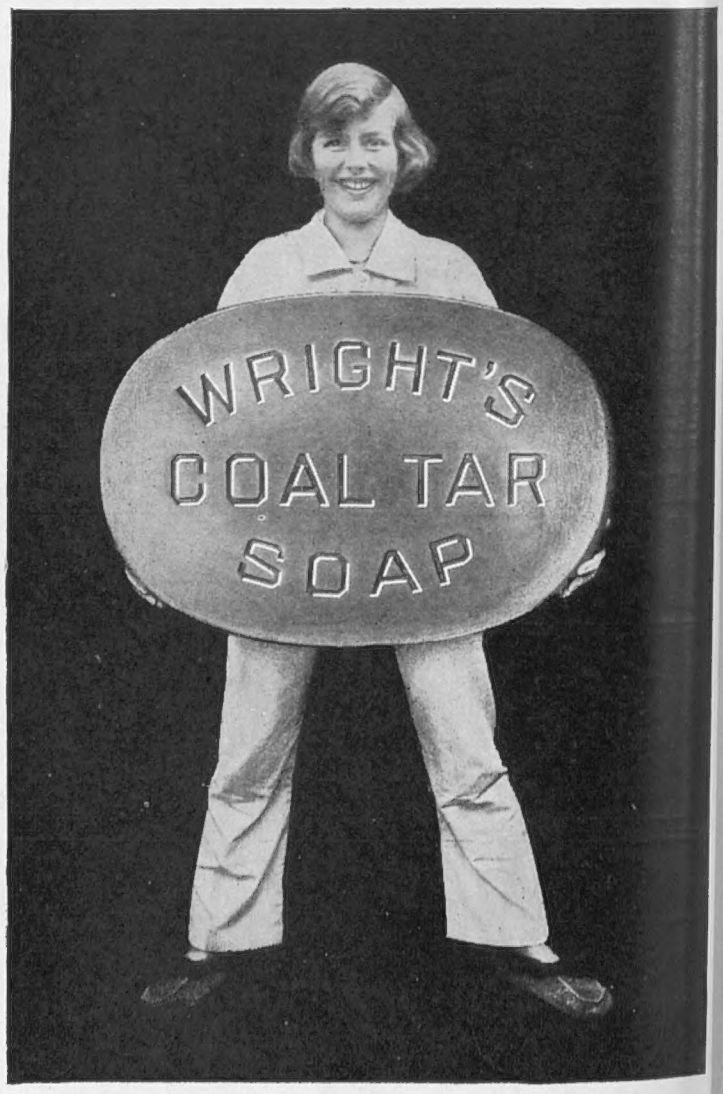

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Overcoats from 5 gns.

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End sore throat and colds with this safe and pleasant antiseptic

PRICES:

3 oz. Bottle	-	-	1/6
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Obtainable at all Chemists.

Your mouth is literally alive with disease-producing germs—millions of them. Attack them and you attack disease.

Don't place your faith in harsh, unpleasant-to-taste, tissue-wrecking germicides when you can kill germs in 15 seconds with Listerine Antiseptic. Pleasant. Mild. Safe.

Use it every day as a mouth wash and gargle. Do not dilute. It is harmless but effective used full strength. Other antiseptics requiring dilution are not as certain in action as Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine Antiseptic is an outgrowth of Lord Lister's search for a safe, yet powerful antiseptic. For nearly fifty years, it has been prescribed by leading physicians all over the world, it has been used in clinics and hospitals, and is furthermore endorsed by "The Lancet," the leading medical publication.

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'Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds'
—The Lancet

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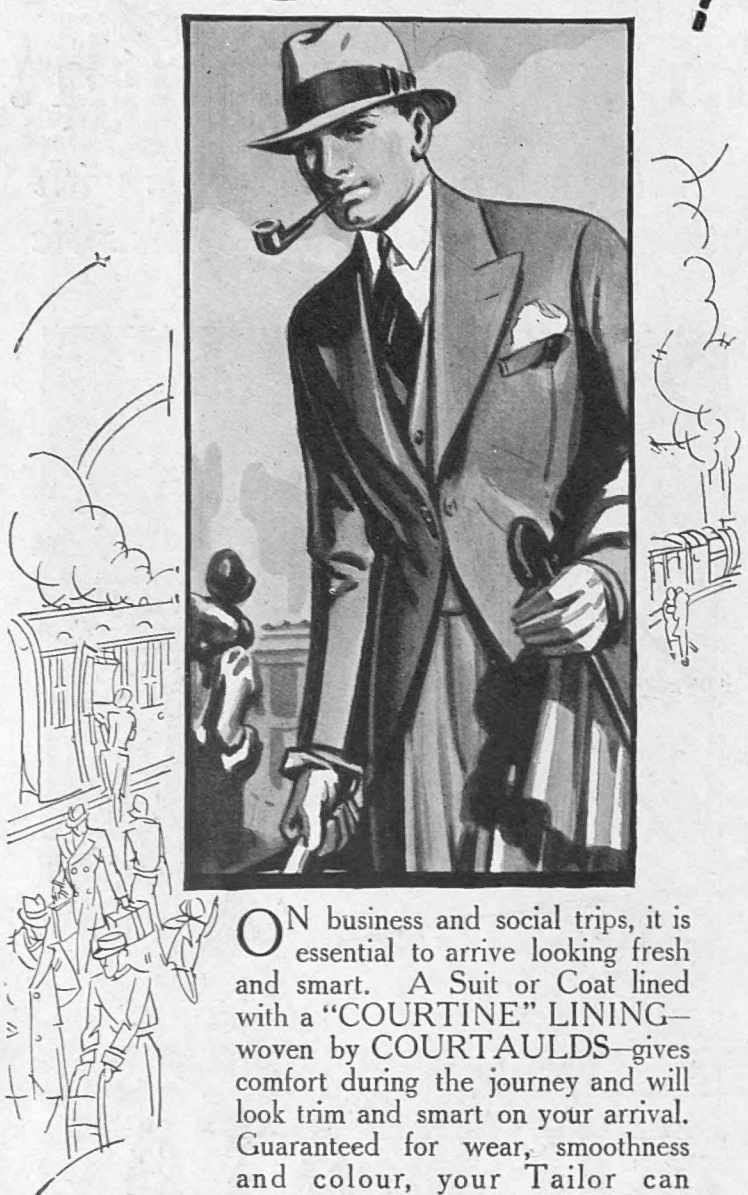

ON business and social trips, it is essential to arrive looking fresh and smart. A Suit or Coat lined with a "COURTINE" LINING—woven by COURTAULDS—gives comfort during the journey and will look trim and smart on your arrival. Guaranteed for wear, smoothness and colour, your Tailor can readily supply a "COURTINE" LINING to match any cloth.

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The name is on the selvedge.

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VAPEX (REG. TRADE MARK) INHALANT

"A drop on your handkerchief"

Between the first and the second sneeze there is time to take precautions. You can either neglect the oncoming cold, with all its unpleasant and possibly dangerous consequences, or you can stop the infection with "Vapex."

"Vapex" is so pleasant that nobody who has ever used it hesitates between the two alternatives. Simply put a drop on the handkerchief. As you breathe it grows stronger and stronger. It searches out the germs and deprives them of their power for mischief. The head is relieved. The "stuffiness" goes. The whole respiratory system is gently stimulated to increased resistance.

"Vapex" stops colds quickly because it goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm passages of the nose and throat. The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour brings a powerfully active germicide into direct contact with the germs.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/- per bottle

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IZAL MEDICATED TOILET ROLLS

Every Sheet is specially treated with **IZAL** *during manufacture*

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The Complete Skin Treatment

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Consistent use of **Cuticura** *preparations will do much to make—and keep—your skin healthy and clear*

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R. 106. — New Sports Scarf in Bouclette, 12 ins. × 63 ins. Colours: Beige, Rouge, Bottle, Chocolate, Navy, and Black and White.
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THIS Doubled-breasted Overcoat will keep you snug and warm in the coldest weather. It is beautifully tailored from exclusive materials, and is built to stand both hard wear and weather.

6 GNS.

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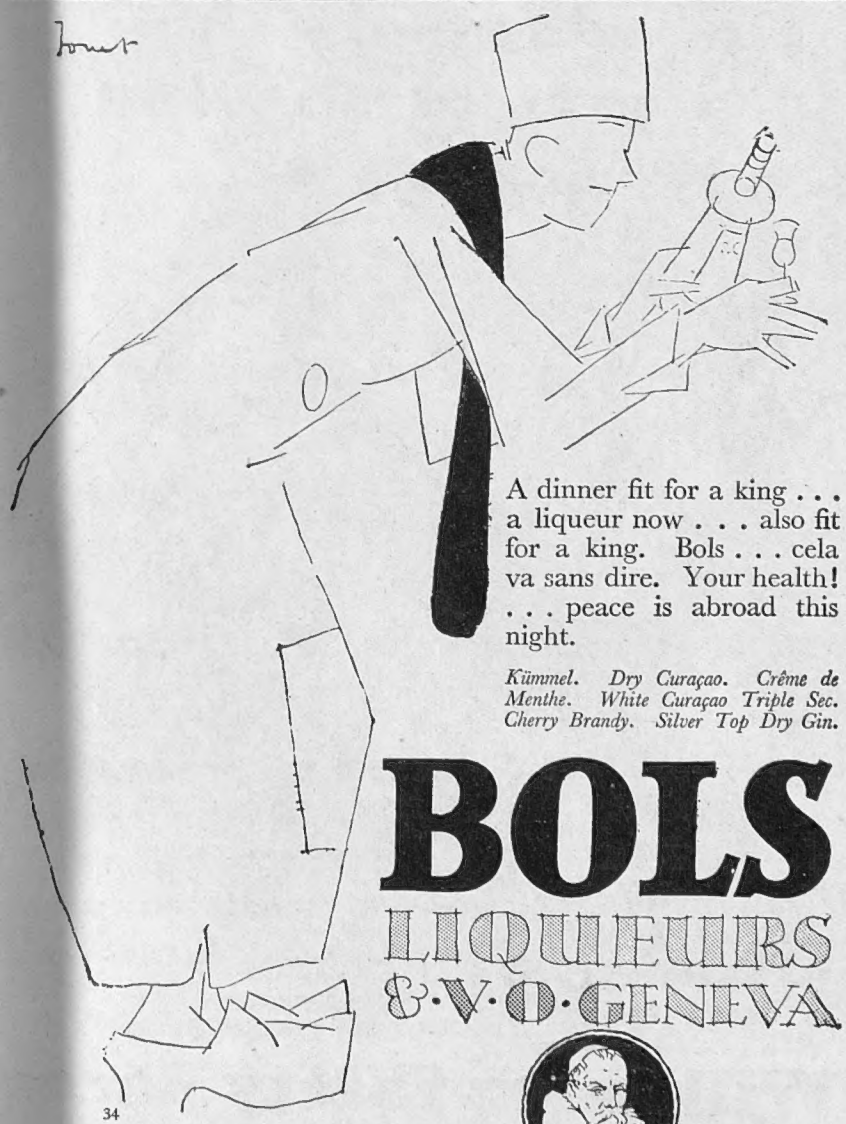

A dinner fit for a king . . . a liqueur now . . . also fit for a king. Bols . . . cela va sans dire. Your health! . . . peace is abroad this night.

Kümmel. Dry Curaçao. Crême de Menthe. White Curaçao Triple Sec. Cherry Brandy. Silver Top Dry Gin.

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THE SMARTEST
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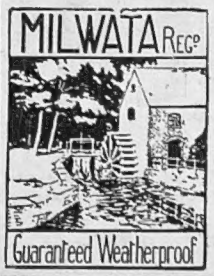
"POINT-TO-POINT" (Regd.). The smartest light-weight double texture waterproof coat on the market. Worn by the leading Racegoers at all the Meetings. The vent carries an inverted saddle flap at the back so that it can be worn for riding astride.

"POINT-TO-POINT" (Regd.)



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Glorious

Health

"It is years since I felt so well and happy. I was full of pain and depression through indigestion and nervousness, but now, through Sanatogen, the world and all that is in it is brighter and more cheerful."

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WHAT SANATOGEN DOES FOR OTHERS, IT WILL DO FOR YOU, TOO.

If you want to feel stronger, fresher, healthier—if you want to get rid of nerve weakness, listlessness, digestive troubles, then start a course of Sanatogen to-day.

Sanatogen will refresh, and revitalise your whole system in a few weeks, because it contains exactly the right proportion of those elements—phosphorus and albumin—that build up new health in your nerves, muscles and blood.

Give this famous nerve-strengthening food a trial. A 2/3 tin of Sanatogen now is an investment in Good Health.

Feel fit and fresh by taking

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

Obtainable at all Chemists

Made by GENATOSAN LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH. LEICS.

ANDRÉ HUGO

PERMANENT STEAM WAVING

By the latest scientific method in which no electric heaters are used.

Charges from 2 to 6 Gns.

"LA MERVEILLEUSE" Transformations

of the best quality Hair in various styles and ordinary shades from 10 Gns.

"What to do with the growing shingle is solved triumphantly by the aid of . . . .

ANDRE HUGO'S

Latest Creation, the dainty Frame here sketched, in various colours and sizes.

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IT IS ALSO AS USEFUL FOR LONG HAIR.

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HUGO HOUSE, 177-180, SLOANE ST., LONDON

The Most Luxurious Hairdressing Salons in "The World"

These are no small cubicles, but real rooms equipped with all modern appliances, the attention given perfect and at reasonable charges.

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The secret of perfect shaving?

—here it is!

An entirely new Razor *with* **HOLLOW GROUND BLADES**

perfect self-stroppin

The smooth velvet shaving of this razor is a revelation The blades have long life — entail a big reduction in your blade bill.

Complete sets 7/6, 10/6

21/-
(Standard Set)
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All Sets complete with long-life Hollow Ground Blades, self-stropping razor and strop.

Packets of Blades, 4/6

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Wilkinson Safety Razor

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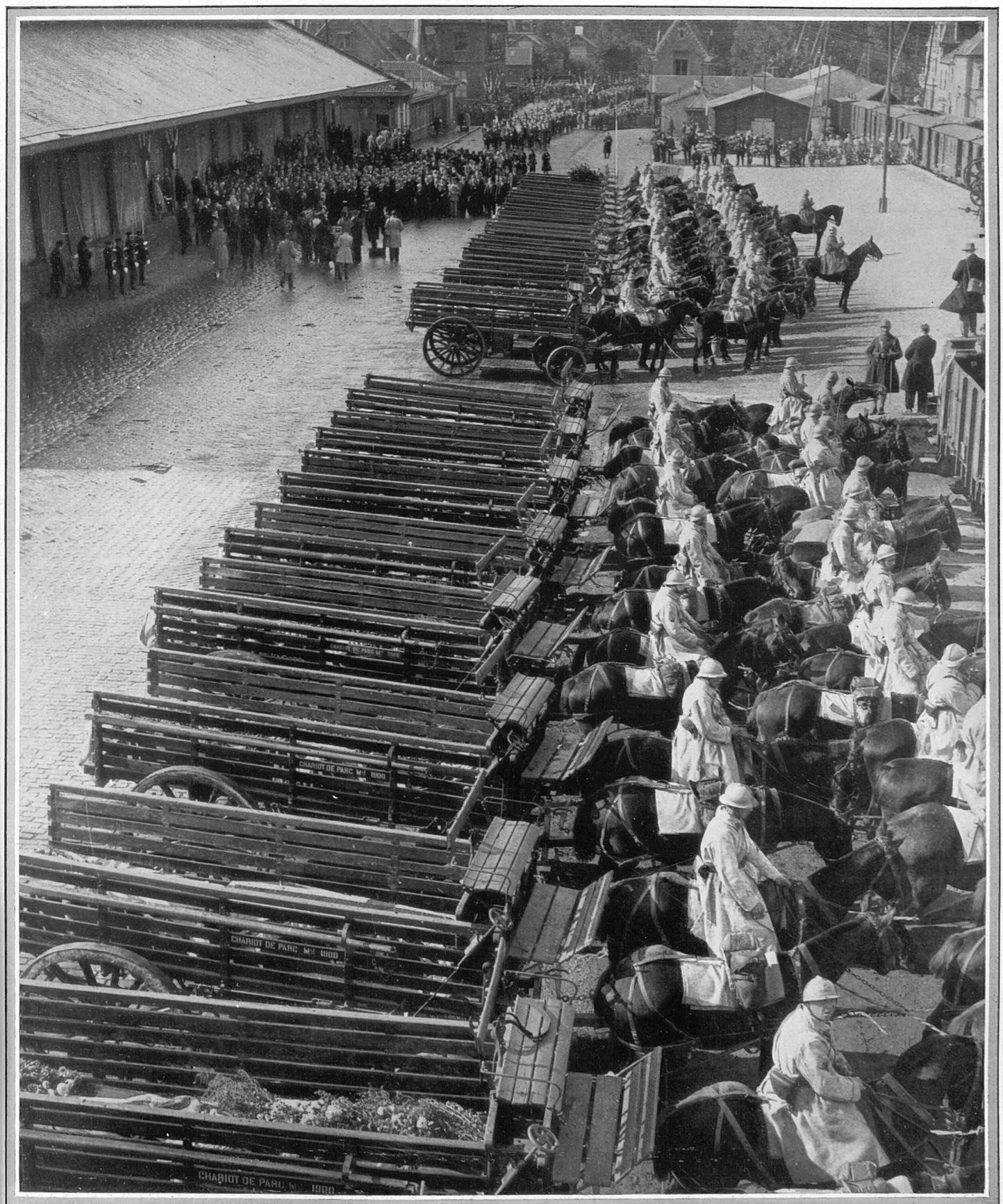
WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD., 53, Pall Mall, London. Factory: Acton, Lon

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXIII. No. 1603 Price One Shilling. Postage {Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 3d.} London, October 11, 1930



The VICTIMS of The "R 101" TRAGEDY

Honoured in Beauvais

The forty-seven victims of the great air tragedy lay in state in the Town Hall of Beauvais—the building in which Foch was chosen Generalissimo of the Allied Armies. The coffins were placed in military carts and were honoured by ranked battalions of Spahis and a salute of 101 rounds from the famous '75's. The procession paraded through the streets of the "Town of the Middle Ages," as Beauvais styles itself, on almost every house of which hung a sable-shrouded Union Jack. The coffins were decorated with wreaths, one of which was inscribed "From the Mothers of Beauvais to the Sorrowing Mothers of Britain," and another from the French Air Force "To Our Comrades of the 'R 101.'" Children strewed poppies—emblems of Britain's forces in the War—in the path of the procession.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 8, 1930.

The Air-horror—"R 101."—The appalling news which drifted through on Sunday morning throws into the shade all other topics and crowns the tragedy of a tragic year for flying. The news of the *Titanic* disaster made no deeper impression on London. God blew with His winds and they were scattered. The labours, hopes, and treasure of years of careful planning and testing; men of light and leading in every department of flying, from Cabinet Minister downwards, have gone to their deaths at the very moment of triumph, at a moment when, for the first time in the history of lighter-than-air flying-ships, confidence had been finally established and security won by high courage and infinite patience. We may talk for ever of commonplace events; a tragedy of this magnitude robs us of words. What remains for us? To mourn the loss of so many noble lives, and thereafter to dismiss our doubts and stoop to build up afresh all that we have lost. The air is above our heads and because we are men we must conquer it. Excelsior . . . at any cost.

To Ca' Canny?—We shall not cease the struggle, although the cry will be to ca' canny. The arguments against these giant airships are so convincing, so "obvious" to the uninformed. We have giant aeroplanes even now capable of carrying a third of the passengers embarked on the *R 101* with a crew of only three. Our fastest liners will carry 100 for every one passenger carried on the giant airships: and when it comes to freight the airship can never compete. The liner fears neither gales nor rain, even the aeroplane is relatively invulnerable to the forces of Nature. But the ungainly gasometer is diverted and indented by the winds and dead-weighted by moisture distilled from the air, *a fortiori* by rain and cloudbursts. Nor can she come to anchor save at half-a-dozen pin-points on the earth's surface. Such and such-like are the arguments. But we shall not regard them. How can we do so while Germany's secret remains in the head of Dr. Eckener and his half-dozen associates—the secret of how to fly these machines? We cannot forget that Dr. Eckener himself expressed his belief that *R 101* was the safest airship in existence.

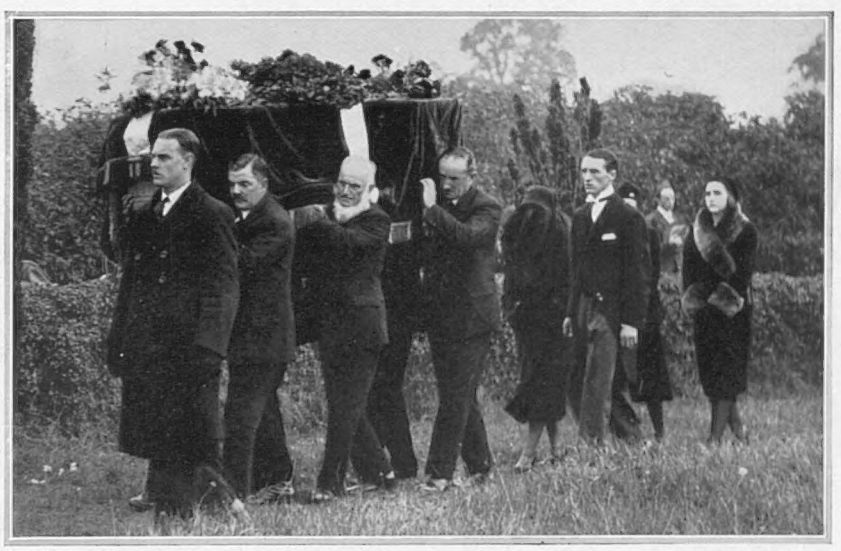
Cardington of Ill-omen.—Still there lie in the giant sheds at Cardington relics of earlier disasters to our native airships; some twisted aluminium being all that remains of *R 38*, charred fabric and rusted metal which I have once or twice handled. The pioneering stage in airship development holds the added handicap that each disaster involves not single lives but lives in dozens and scores. From each mishap we learn something in design, but in the case of an airship we must perforce shudder at the maximum price which may be exacted. Never again, we may be sure, will a British airship leave her moorings on an admittedly experimental journey carrying such irreplaceable wealth of experience and talent in the designing and navigating of airships. Half our store of air knowledge lay on Sunday morning a handful of grey ashes on a low ridge by Beauvais.

Misgivings.—It were folly, if not crime, to suggest possible defects or to allocate blame for risks rashly taken or precautions omitted. This is a highly technical subject on which even experts must work in the dark, and no sure knowledge of the facts can emerge for some weeks; deeply interesting as Mr. Leech's rough details are, they tell us nothing of the causes. Yet it is clear that soon after the start a sense of foreboding was felt. Over Potter's Bar the low altitude of the great ship excited surprise among watchers on the ground, and there is evidence that at every point from which she was observed between London and Beauvais the same surprise and anxiety were felt. The public knows enough of the subject to realize that these British airships appear to be particularly vulnerable to deposits of water on the yielding fabric of the envelope, a defect which is not so noticeable on airships of German design, and accordingly the strong winds and heavy rainfall increased the apprehensions of all who caught a sight of the huge mass labouring so near the ground. Like a water-logged vessel at the mercy of a gale she drifted out of the ken of scores of watchers who turned back to their beds with a nameless fear . . . and for the rest we must wait in patience to learn the causes which led to her doom.

A World Disaster.—It is not a national disaster. It is essentially a disaster of civilization. The very task on which these British pioneers were engaged was international in its object; the task of bringing the nations closer together, of sowing the seeds of international fellowship and understanding. It is air-travel which, beyond all other movements in that direction, has proved in the past decade the great ambassador of peace and understanding among the nations. The messages of condolence from all Governments breathe something more than sympathy in a neighbour's misfortune. The loss of the *R 101* hits every nation, is a blow to humanity, a challenge to man's courage and determination. It is chiefly due to the labours of all the great pioneers in the short history of flying that major disasters of this character have become internationalized. It would seem that international understanding must come by pain, and that the way of peace is from darkness through blood to the light. It is in this knowledge that the villagers and citizens of Beauvais have done what they have done for our brave men—a service which it is to be hoped we shall never forget.

Lord Birkenhead.—"F. E." was the last man in the world to have wished to be eulogised sentimentally at his death. His was not a character that makes a public idol, a "well-loved figure," whose death leaves a sense of personal loss in humble homes. To admire him is natural and inevitable. He was a hundred-per-cent. man, a fighter, in a gallant sense a successful gambler; his brain was a very rare machine, his perception was as keen as his reasoning power was swift. He despised precautions and slow thinking; despised three-quarters of his fellow countrymen and life itself; for he took risks with his own constitution, and surely had a greater affection for the British Constitution than for his own. He was essentially of the eighteenth century. True, he rose from the ranks, was *faber fortunæ suæ*, but he took for his model the hereditary ruler of the pattern of Charles Fox. It is a pattern of hereditary politician under whose guidance England's superb greatness was won, and under whose traditions our father viewed politics and England, when I was born. In one particular, a stranger may sentimentalize about him—his inflexible loyalty to the old friends of his Lancashire days. He soared above them but he never forgot them. He carried them on his shoulders, and placed them in positions as high as their merits justified or a little higher. He was a Juggernaut because, instinct with ambition and fighting qualities, he was so assured of his own outstanding ability and quickness that he could give full rein to his contempt for caution, slow thinking, and public opinion. For that reason, I could wish that he had never been Lord Chancellor. It is impossible to underrate the signal services he contributed to British Law. The crustiest, most old-fashioned of lawyers, to whom Lord Birkenhead was utterly antipathetic, were completely won over by his legal genius. But a Lord Chancellor, in my old-fashioned view, should be a venerable figure, and F. E. was never that. He was too many-sided—a statesman and foxhunting man, a sage and a popular journalist, a wise counsellor, and a free-lance fighter, a good friend and a bad enemy.

Some Old Snap-shots of F. E.—I think he is the first front-rank politician to die whose whole career has come within the compass of my mature observation. I remember the sensation of the famous maiden speech. His memory was fresh in Wadham and Oxford when I was an undergraduate. A little later I remember very vividly riding across to Blenheim to observe the manœuvres of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, and there seeing two very mature and superbly-mounted subalterns at the head of their troops. They were F. E. and Winston, and each was smoking a foot-long cigar. Again, I sat in court and listened to his vigorous and oratorical defence of good Dr. Crippen's partner, the girl Le Neve. "C'est du théâtre, mais que voulez-vous?" he might have cynically admitted, if he had been a French advocate, but the girl was safe without his aid. How those vivid memories of a virile, electric figure contrast with my last view of him at Wimbledon last summer. He drove up to the member's entrance with his son and painfully got down from his car, and all who saw him clearly realized that so far as public or active life was concerned, he was done. A crack player who played for the highest stakes and consistently won by sheer genius and pluck; a gambler who despising "safety first" as a slogan for private life, staked boldly and largely, and lost the trick. He was not made for old age.



THE LAST JOURNEY OF LORD BIRKENHEAD: The coffin of England's youngest Lord Chancellor and one of the State's most distinguished servants borne by old servants of his family to the grave at Charlton-cum-Newbottle, near Banbury. Following the *cortege* are Lady Birkenhead and Viscount Furneaux, who succeeds to the Earldom

THE LAST RITES: The coffin containing the remains of the Earl of Birkenhead consigned to the earth in the graveyard at Charlton, near Banbury, Oxon. Round the open grave are the mourners of the great statesman for whom a memorial service was held on Monday in Westminster Abbey at which the Prince of Wales was present. The King was represented by Lord Hampden

The Empire in Conclave.—The third Imperial Conference is in full swing and the delegates sit in a profound and glorious darkness since the sum of the problems of modern civilization is on their agenda and the frailty of man the problem requiring solution. The second Conference was hailed as a profoundly important landmark in the history of our Empire. What it achieved was to legalize by a series of Acts of Parliament (and with a good grace) all the liberties which individual members of our own commonwealth had taken without so much as a "By your leave." But it has not cleared the air. The Empire's weal remains the slogan, individual and distinct domestic problems of varying importance are the only axes which will be seriously ground. Canada must safeguard her farmer and dispose of her grain, Australia must sell her raw material in the best market, South Africa must worry over that theoretical right of secession and so on.

Two Loyalties.—Every man round the table is torn by two loyalties, and the reception which awaits him on his return home must inevitably decide the issue of his mental duel. But there is one common endeavour which marches with both his loyalties, there is one vital reform which should come of this Conference. Politically and economically our Empire is terribly lacking in organization. The trifling sums of money annually expended on economic research are thrown away by overlapping and lack of information and definition. If an Empire Secretariat with undisputed authority to tackle economic problems of Empire could emerge from the third Imperial Conference it would not have sat in vain. That is what all our great non-political industrial federations, whose aims are bound up in the economic consolidation of the Empire, are praying for. At the moment the wolf is at our door, our bread is the first consideration, and we need vitally the setting-up of some effective, continuously running machinery whereby we can learn what is worth producing and where it can best be marketed in the Empire.

Last of the Proms.—Are we a musical nation? If we are, it is largely thanks to Sir Henry Wood. If the roars and catcalls which wound up a very popular, jingo, jingling finale ("Pomp and" inevitable "Circumstance," "Rule Britannia," etc.) are a guide, we are very notable music-lovers. For I like to think that those terrific roars were a tribute rather to Sir Henry's handling the day before of that hard-nut, the ninth or choral symphony, written by a deaf man for those who have ears to hear. The "Prom." season has been an unqualified success. THE OLD STAGER.

TRAGEDY *at* CARDINGTON

After the Disaster to "R 101"

Cardington in the early hours of Sunday was a town smitten into numbness with tragedy. The bulletin of the disaster at Beauvais was pinned up on the sheds and it was thronged with bereaved folk. Mothers dared not tell their children that their fathers were no more; wives who had seen the unsatisfactory start of the ship with fears for its safety, could scarcely believe that their worst fears had been confirmed. The sorrow of the world paled into insignificance beside the consciousness of tragedy that hung over Cardington, a very funeral pall of desolation

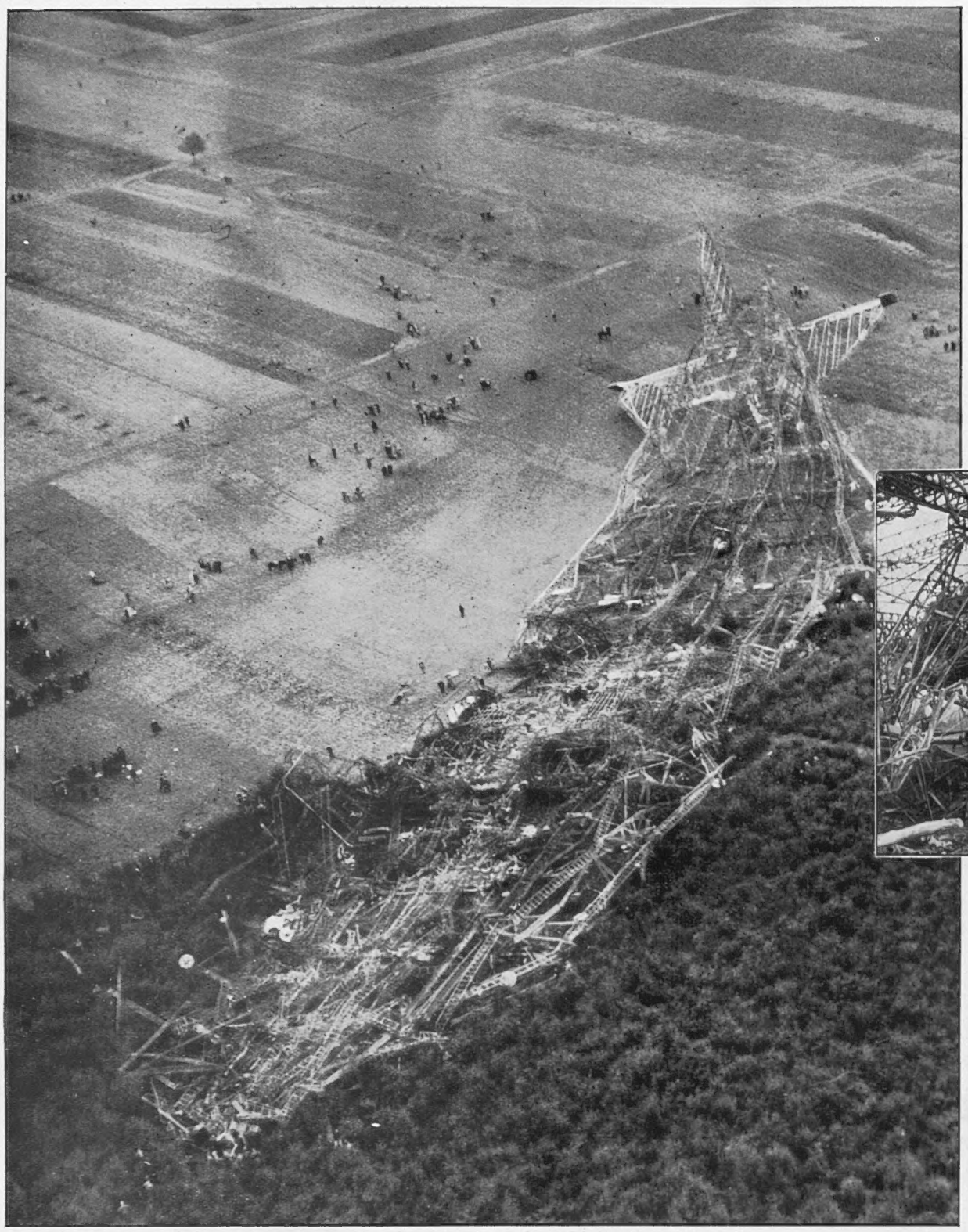
TRAGEDY *in* LONDON

Crowds Awaiting Further News Outside the Entrance to the Air Ministry

Outside the Air Ministry on Monday last, when the newspapers had confirmed the rumours of Sunday, a throng of people gathered to glean the latest news. Confirmation, only too tragically, was forthcoming. Lord Thomson, Minister for Air (above on right) *and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation* (above on left) *were among those lost in the great disaster. With them perished some fifty more, who, but a few hours before, had started out lightheartedly on a great adventure*

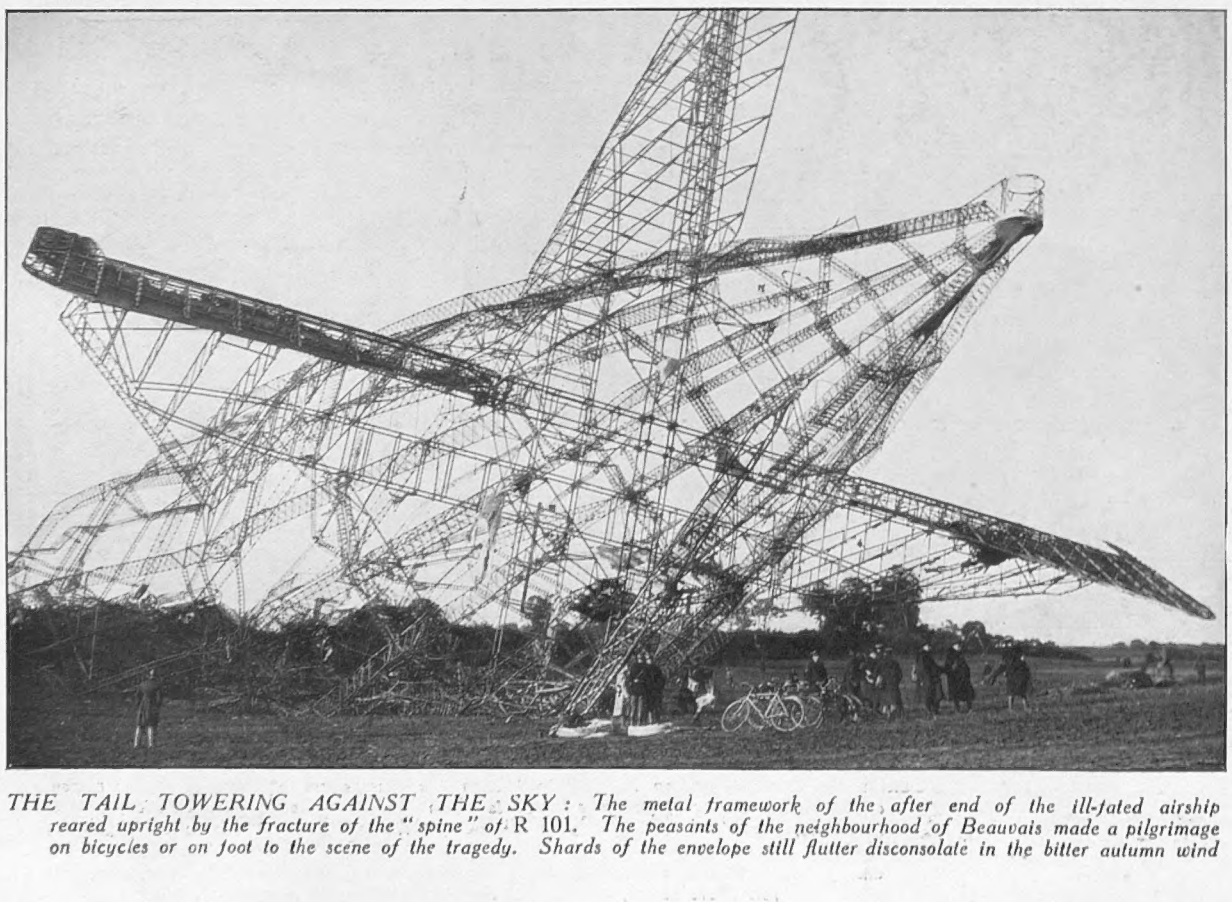
AFTER THE "R 101" DISASTER

Special Pictures of the Relics of "R 101" in the Fields of Beauvais



THE SKELETON OF R 101: An aerial view of the framework of the ship, in the conflagration of which perished the Air Minister, Sir Sefton Brancker, and forty-five other passengers, officers, and members of the crew. The tangled mass of metal looks like the skeleton of a gigantic whale

THE MOTIVE POWER: One of gondolas, or "power eggs," lying the tangled wreckage



THE TAIL TOWERING AGAINST THE SKY: The metal framework of the after end of the ill-fated airship reared upright by the fracture of the "spine" of R 101. The peasants of the neighbourhood of Beauvais made a pilgrimage on bicycles or on foot to the scene of the tragedy. Shards of the envelope still flutter disconsolate in the bitter autumn wind

When in the early hours of Sunday m the greatest airship in the world, *R* struck the earth near Beauvais, *en rou* India on her maiden voyage, and burs flames, a disaster occurred not to be mea in terms of money, prestige, nor even of l life. A blow was struck at the whole tre modern life.

After a start from Cardington, marre the sluggishness of one of her great engines the casting overboard of ballast, *R 101* tra slowly to the coast flying ominously Crossing the Channel, the ill-fated ship countered a storm of great ferocity. Rai wind smote the envelope, and, accordi some evidence so weighed it down th struck the Beauvais Ridge. The pitiles driving rain and the Beauvais Fire B extinguished the flames, save for sporadic of fire from boiling oil. The leap o flames from the gas shot 300 ft. into the sky. The impact was followed by a explosion, and the explosion by a conflagr At the moment of the disaster forty- the fifty-four persons aboard perished, wh little later one more death was recorded Mr. W. G. Radcliffe, a rigger, who succ to injuries.

The list of deaths includes many o leading British authorities on airship desig numbers the Minister for Air, Lord Th and the Director of Civil Aviation, Sir Brancker, on its sable page.

A public funeral was given to those perished, the bodies being brought to E on H.M.S. *Tempest* and interred i common grave. A memorial service wa at St. Paul's yesterday (Friday), and F with a gesture typically Gallic, decreed Wednesday, when the bodies left Frenc be a day of National mourning.

Cardington is a town of hollow eye tear-stained cheeks. Fatherless childre widowed mothers haunted the streets early morning of Black Sunday beggi the news they dreaded to receive.

A public inquiry has been establish the Air Ministry.

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THE OFFICIAL VISIT: *Air-Marshal Salmond* (extreme left) *with General Barres and Colonel Bone, Air Attache at the British Embassy in Paris, take their melancholy way over the scene of the great disaster between the struts and stays of the fated airship*

VICTIMS OF THE CRASH

An Illustrated Roll of Honour

The Roll of Honour—for hose who perished with *R 101* hed for their country as much s any soldier in the Great War—of the airship disaster in- luded the majority of the great xperts on airship design in the ountry. In addition to the Minister for Air, Lord Thom- on, and the Director of Civil Aviation, Air Vice-Marshal ir Sefton Brancker, the three aders of Airship Development, Wing-Commander R. B. B. Col- more, Lieut.-Colonel V. C. ichmond, and Major G. H. cott, perished, as did Major P. ishop, Chief Inspector, Aero- autical Inspection Department, nd Squadron-Leader F. M. ope.

Together with these nota- ilities, the flower of the Air orce died — Flight-Lieutenant . C. Irwin, the Captain, Squad- n-Leader E. L. Johnston, the lavigator, Lieut.-Commander . G. Atherstone, Flight-Officer . H. Steff, Squadron-Leader . H. L. O'Neill, and Squadron- eader W. Palestra, Royal Aus- alian Air Force.

Upon this page the poig- ant and hideous scenes of the termath, the encasing of the rtured bodies of the victims, d their reception of them into e Town Hall of Beauvais, are produced.

The King, who sent to the rime Minister a telegram ex- essing his distress, has received mpathetic messages from the iceroy of India, Lord Irwin; e Governor-General of Canada, Lord Willingdon; the Acting emier of South Africa, Dr. alan; the Acting Governor- eneral of Australia, Lord Somers; Signor Mussolini of aly; President Hoover of the S.A.; Admiral Horthy, the egent, and Count Bethlen, e Premier of Hungary; King lbert of the Belgians; and Dr. kener of Germany, who may cept the invitation to give pert evidence at the Public quiry held by the Air Ministry.

The spirit in which the agedy has been met recalls the igh courage of War days.

A SECTION OF THE ENGINE: *A microcosm of the entire disaster. The distorted metal tells in mute eloquence the tragic story of* R 101. *Above are seen the exhaust pipes cheek by jowl with ravellings of the framework*

THE CAPTAIN OF "R 101": Flight-Lieutenant H. C. Irwin, A.F.C., R.A.F.

THE NAVIGATOR OF "R 101"; Squadron-Leader E. L. Johnston, A.F.C., R.A.F.

FIRST OFFICER: Lieutenant-Commander N. G. Atherstone, A.F.C. (R.N. retired)

SECOND OFFICER: Flight-Lieutenant M. H. Steff, R.A.F., who also perished

DIRECTOR, AIRSHIP DEVELOPMENT: Wing-Commander R. B. B. Colmore, R.A.F.

ASSISTANT-DIRECTOR, AIRSHIP DEVELOPMENT (TECHNICAL): Lieut.-Colonel V. C. Richmond

ASSISTANT-DIRECTOR, AIRSHIP DEVELOPMENT (FLYING): Major G. H. Scott, A.F.C.

CHIEF INSPECTOR, AERONAUTICAL INSPECTION DEPT., AIR MINISTRY: Major P. Bishop

EIGHT AIRMEN NOTABILITIES WHO PERISHED WITH "R 101"

The HOME-COMING of the VICTIMS of "R 101"

HONOUR PAID TO BRITAIN'S DEAD IN THE "TOWN OF THE MIDDLE AGES": Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond (back row, in uniform and stars) stands next to M. Tardieu, the Premier of France, on whose left is M. Laurent Eynac, the French Air Minister, with other officials watching the procession at Beauvais station. In the front row in the centre are Messrs. Leech (bandaged), Binks, and Bell, three of the heroic survivors

ON BOARD H.M.S. *TEMPEST*: The coffins, guarded by bluejackets crossing from Boulogne to Dover on board the British destroyer. H.M.S. *Tribune*, which was also detailed for this sad duty, developed propeller trouble and was unable to participate in the ceremony, returning to Portsmouth under her own steam

THE SURVIVORS: Messrs. Leech, Bell, and Binks marched behind the last of the twenty-four military wagons on which the coffins were borne from the Town Hall to the railway station. The procession was escorted by Spahis with arms reversed. It was due to these three survivors that the other four lives were saved and Mr. W. G. Radcliffe was almost saved. Their work was heroic in the highest sense of that overworked word. The coffins were placed on a special train with fourteen vans, which took them to Boulogne, whence they were transported to Dover by H.M.S. *Tempest*. Forty-eight French aeroplanes flew over the station as the special train pulled out

THE HOME-COMING OF THE DEAD: The scene at Victoria Station, whither the coffins were brought by special train from Dover. A guard of honour was provided by the Air Force, and the last remains, encased in Union-Jack-shrouded coffins, were loaded into military lorries. The remains, which were taken to Westminster mortuary, will lie in state in Westminster Hall, and a memorial service was held yesterday (Friday) at St. Paul's, at which the Prince of Wales represented the King. An inquest (independent of the Air Ministry's inquiry) was opened yesterday by the Westminster coroner, Mr. Ingleby Oddie

TRADING WITH RUSSIA

Its Unexpected Joys in the Shape of Dumped Grain and other Produce on the already glutted Shores of this Country

By LANCELOT LAWTON

The dumping of large quantities of wheat from Soviet Russia is dislocating markets and creating consternation. Yet even had there been no efflux from the East the supply of wheat would have been much greater than the demand. For many years, owing to expansion of sowing area and raising of yield, the wheat harvest of the world has been fast increasing. This year, exclusive of Russia, it is expected to total 3,025 million bushels, only a little less than last year despite the severity of the drought in the United States. So serious in fact have the consequences of wheat over-production become that the League of Nations recently set up a Commission with a view to discovering new uses for the cereal.

The deluge of dumped wheat from Russia has made a situation already difficult much worse, if not disastrous. As a consequence eight nations in Europe, whose populations are agrarian, have been brought near to ruin. It is not suggested that Russian wheat was wholly responsible for their fate. In all of them agriculture was in a bad way. But the untimely intervention of Soviet supplies caused markets to collapse, and the peasants everywhere became poverty-stricken amidst mocking plenitude. Even the countries farthest from Russia will not escape grievous harm. Great Britain, for example, is doomed to be one of the worst sufferers. Ship after ship laden with Russian grain is now making for these shores. Many farmers who with difficulty survived the competition of cheap foreign imports will be swept into insolvency by this outpouring from Russia. At last, as Mr. Lloyd George would say, "the corn-bins of Russia are bursting"; and those who advocated trade with Russia have their desires well-fulfilled.

Is it not of significance that that, together with the nations that are mainly agrarian, the nation mainly industrialized should be the hardest hit by Russian dumping? And does not such a circumstance point to the wisdom of balanced distribution of population between town and country?

Soviet dumping is by no means a new practice. Yet, although it has been in progress for years, it has never been conducted on so gigantic a scale as now and with wheat in such large quantities as now. It must not, however, be supposed that wheat is the only commodity dumped at the present time; many other articles of Rusian manufacture are being disposed of in like manner.

Soviet Russia is compelled to dump by the peculiar nature of her system. This circumstance is not sufficiently understood in the West.

At one time the Soviet State strove to abolish money. To-day it is desperately in need of money. Not only has it difficulty in meeting current expenditure, but for two purposes it wishes to erect factories and plant as speedily as possible; first, to be in readiness for war, which it believes cannot be too long delayed; secondly, to expand production and thus put an end to the appalling scarcity of articles of common consumption. To enable these purposes to be fulfilled foreign currency must be secured somehow.

The rouble has no value outside Russia. Since the time when it was theoretically stabilized its internal purchasing power has fallen considerably, and prices have risen to fantastic heights. Taking no notice of this fact, the Government arbitrarily prescribes that pre-War rates of exchange shall prevail. This ruse is of no great consequence to the ordinary citizen, for dealings in currencies of all kinds are forbidden under the severest penalties. The Government's monopoly of foreign trade is absolute. Therefore when it purchases grain for export it determines prices on the basis of its own purely fictitious rate of exchange. With part of the stable foreign currency which it receives for such export it buys machinery, the benefit from which will be derived when it produces more goods to be dumped abroad to compete with the capitalists whose sound money has paid for it. With the remainder of the stable foreign currency the State purchases foreign commodities, imports them into Russia, and sells them at the internal price-level prevailing within the country. Thus in effect exports are subsidized and the proletarian State makes a handsome profit out of the workers and peasants; in other words, it pays to dump. As with grain so it is with various products of State industry; these are exported at a heavy loss which the Russian worker has to bear, although unconscious of the fact, and in return the State secures the precious foreign currency of which it has so much need.

COMRADE DONENKO: Who has just been nominated by Moscow as the head of the Political Department of the Special Army in the Far East

What are the conditions which compel Russia to dump to a far greater extent than ever at the present time? From end to end the country is in a frightful condition. People are saying that the evil days of War Communism have returned. All private shops are closed. The State shops contain hardly anything. The lower halves of their windows have been painted over white. Not since the early period of the Revolution has the extermination of the intelligentsia been carried on so ruthlessly as now. In Moscow and Leningrad the privileged classes have ration-cards but rations are not always forthcoming. In other towns there are no ration-cards and hunger is widely prevalent.

It might be supposed that the remedy for the situation was not the dumping of grain abroad but the retention of as much as possible within the country. Before the War Russia was one of the largest contributors to the world's supply of cereals. Her exports of these commodities alone amounted to £70,000,000, nearly half of the value of the whole of her foreign trade at the present time. Meanwhile Canada had greatly extended her sowing area and had stepped into the place vacated by Russia on the world's market.

Russia's eclipse arose from simple causes. The peasants, who were individual holders, obstinately refused to give up more of their produce than would procure means for the purchase of barest necessities. But as I explained earlier, the Government had urgent need of foreign currency. Therefore it was imperative for them to expand exports. For a while they concentrated their energies upon finding other commodities in substitution for grain. Something was achieved in this way but not by any means sufficient.

THE DICTATOR: Stalin, the man of steel by name and nature, whose policy it is to Bolshevize the world—and especially the British Empire, the strongest bulwark of established order

How to get grain out of the peasants? Soon it was apparent that this was the crucial issue upon which the very existence of the Soviet State depended. In searching for a solution Stalin adopted the only alternative to retreat from Socialism, that was resort to more Socialism. As industry was Socialist, so agriculture should be socialized too. In the capacity of small individual cultivators, the peasants had been in a position to evade the demands of the State for cereals. But a few months ago, in accordance with the despotic practice of Moscow, a decree was issued that mass collectivization should be enforced throughout the countryside. It was stipulated that the peasants should be allowed to retain their little dwellings—huts with small gardens attached — but that they should commercialize all their stock and equipment, all their land, and all their labour on the land. The State conjectured that it would be easier to extract grain from collective entities than from scattered individuals.

Altogether about a quarter of the inmates of all village households were successfully rounded up. But before submitting to this compulsory socialization the peasants massacred stock and destroyed or damaged much equipment. This explains why meat is scarce, why butter is £1 a pound, why there is little milk, why there are no hides from which to make leather, and why life generally is so rotten in Russia.

To say, as I have said, that a quarter of the peasant households were collectivized is not to explain everything. The proportion collectivized in the grain-bearing regions was much higher. There was a deliberate purpose at work here. It was not denied that forcible measures were used. The Mujik was knouted into collectivism. Thus he escaped the domination of the landed proprietor only to become the serf of Stalin. As soon as he set foot upon the Soviet estates he was effectually trapped. Over each farm was a big boss, a manager on behalf of the absentee landlord, the State, which dissolved into anonymity behind the embattled walls of the distant Kremlin.

DOWN AND OUT: Tomsky, former head of the Soviet Trades Union. He was dismissed by Stalin in favour of Akulov ("Shark" in Russian) and is now said to be selling bootlaces for his living

The Bolsheviks knew well that the Mujik had an inclination to laziness and an antipathy to discipline. They declared that having caged him they would teach him how to work, how to obey. They also expressed confidence that they would collect more produce than was possible when individualism held sway. No reliable statistics are available to show whether or not their optimism has been justified. Certainly grain is being dumped abroad in large quantities. But as has been demonstrated, the people of Russia are not the gainers. It is therefore difficult to say to what extent, if any, production has been raised. That the State has got an increased proportion into its capacious hands there is no doubt.

By collectivizing the growing of grain Stalin adroitly strengthened his Dictatorship. Neither peasant nor proletarian can now have his daily bread without the consent of his Socialist master. Only one question need trouble the regime:

Is there a limit to the deprivation and humiliation which its subjects will endure? If such exists there is no sign of it as yet; of all the unique features of the Revolution, the most amazing is the forbearance of the masses. The peasants have always been noted for extreme patience. Yet with this patience is allied a cunning that has thwarted all regimes in history, and defeated the designs of most gifted and astute Governors. The Mujik submits to authority, but always contrives to evade it. What will he do next?

Grain the State must have, for it cannot do without foreign currency. It lives on foreign currency. What a strange fate for a system that declares Capitalism decadent, and that once insisted that money was a fiction! And what a reflection upon the sanity of those misguided patriots in our midst who proclaimed that trade with Russsia would be the salvation of the country, whereas in reality it has turned out to be an artful device for financing Bolshevism and for undermining the British Empire.

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The BRAINS of the AIRWAYS

The Secrets of Croydon's Emergency Efficiency Revealed

By J. C. NELSON

High over the English Channel Imperial Airways W–10 wings her way west, flying true and straight for Croydon aerodrome. She has made good progress, for conditions have been almost ideal. The pilot and his "mate" in the nose of the machine have settled down to an uneventful flight, chatting amiably as the 'plane pushes her along the aerial highway at 100 miles an hour.

"Nothing ever happens on these trips," says one to the other. "Just a steady grind back and forth. There's not enough risk left in flying to make it interesting. We might just as well be in a passenger train. In War-time it was different. Then we did have something to break the monotony."

But this time something did happen.

The engine gives a sudden splutter, missing several beats. So do the hearts of the pilot and his assistant. It picks up again, but without enthusiasm, coughing irregularly through some fault in her innards. The machine loses headway and the altimeter shows a steady drop, 2,000 ft., 1,750, 1,700, while the engine threatens to give up the ghost any minute.

"We're coming down this time," shouts the pilot. "Too far from shore to glide for it. We'll have to 'pancake' on the water. Call up Croydon."

The pilot sets the nose of the machine down in a long sloping glide which he hopes will end near a fishing-boat he has spotted some way off to the right. Meanwhile his "mate" picks up the wireless telephone, which is part of every machine, and with as much unconcern as though he were calling up his best girl in Brighton, gives the SOS of the air with amplifying details as follows:

"Hello Croydon. Hello Croydon. Imperial W–10 calling; Imperial W–10 calling. We're coming down in mid-Channel. Engine trouble. Some assistance would be appreciated."

He continues to transmit information even as the machine approaches the water, to permit the direction-finding stations on land to know his exact location. Finally, "Imperial W–10 calling, Imperial W–10 calling. Where is that blank tug of yours? We're landing now," and the machine "flops" into the water a few yards from the fishing-smack whose deck is full of surprised fishermen. The fishermen come to the assistance of the stranded air travellers, pick them off while the 'plane still floats, and then salvage the wreckage even as a tug from Dover heaves in sight with smoke belching from her single funnel. And so ends another episode of the air, fortunately without tragedy.

This incident, which actually happened, serves to illustrate the elaborate precautions taken by the modern air-transport company to protect the lives and belongings of its patrons. The prompt arrival of a rescue-tug almost as soon as the machine hits the water presupposes a remarkably efficient emergency organization. What actually happened was this: Croydon aerodrome picked up on its wireless receiving set (which is tuned in to machines in flight at all times) the signal of distress from Imperial W–10. A glance at the map showed the officer in charge the approximate position of the doomed aeroplane. He picked up his private telephone and got through at once to Lympne in Sussex; told the operator in charge of the wireless office there that W–10 was coming down and where; Lympne passed the message on to the harbour-master at Dover, who in turn ordered the captain of a tug, which is always in the harbour with steam up, to proceed to the rescue at once; and the captain of the tug in his turn passed the word "Full steam ahead" down to his engine-room, so that the rescue-ship was already on its way to sea even before the ill-fated machine had hit the water.

Or take the case of Imperial Airways G.E.B.–L.O. lost in heavy fog somewhere between Paris and London. The pilot calls up Croydon on the telephone something after this style:

"Hello Croydon. Hello Croydon. Imperial G.E.B.–L.O. calling. Direction please; direction please." And Croydon answers by its powerful transmitter. "Croydon answering, Croydon answering. Hello Imperial G. E. B. – L. O. Continue transmitting for a few minutes so we can get a line on you." So Imperial G.E.B.–L.O. continues to transmit idle conversation, the alphabet or a series of numbers—anything so long as the carrier-wave of the wireless-telephone is being transmitted.

Pretty soon through the ether comes the signal from Croydon: "Imperial G.E.B.–L.O. Hello Imperial G.E.B.–L.O. Croydon calling, Croydon calling. Your position is ——"; and there follows a series of symbols intelligible only to a sea-captain or other navigational expert. The pilot consults his compass, and with a slight deviation from his present route is on his right course again, travelling true for his goal.

This all sounds very simple; but as in the case of the ill-fated W–10 and her mid-Channel "flop," it serves to indicate how science, through the wonders of the wireless telephone and direction-finding apparatus, has robbed air travel of most of its risk and much of its terror. What happened in the case of Imperial G.E.B.–L.O. was this:

The carrier wave of the lost machine was picked up simultaneously at three points—Croydon, near London, Lympne in Sussex, and Pulham in Norfolk. By means of his directional wireless the officer at each of these points was able to determine, by tuning into the aeroplane's signals, its exact position in relation to herself. This information he passed on to Croydon aerodrome by telephone almost immediately. The officer at Croydon, armed with the "readings" from his own, and the other two stations plotted on a large map the exact position of the aeroplane at the moment the signal was sent out. He also knew the speed of the machine, the weather conditions, and other essential details, so he was able when ready to transmit back to the 'plane the necessary information to give the pilot to within a short distance its exact position. It took but a few minutes from the time the pilot sent out his original query for him to pick up out of space exact information as to his position. Such a miracle of modern science warrants further investigation, so a few days ago I travelled to Croydon Aerodrome to see for myself the mysteries of the control tower from which all machines travelling between Great Britain and the Continent receive their instructions. Aptly enough it has been called "The Brain of the Airways."

This is the most completely equipped air navigation office in Europe. It sits on top of the air-port buildings, some 60 ft. from the ground. It is really a glass enclosed room about 30 ft. square, surrounded on the outside by an observation platform from which a full view of the landing field may be obtained, and from which the look-out man may watch incoming and outgoing 'planes from any point of the compass.

The tower is divided into two sections, a navigation room where the controlling officer is on duty at all times, and the wireless room where the wireless telephone and direction-finding installations are found. The two are divided by a glass partition.

The navigating officer is the key man, and around him are charts and maps showing Southern England and Western Europe, over which the machines of Imperial Airways and other lines using the Croydon "Drome" operate. He also controls from this room the lighting equipment of the air port, and by the throwing of a switch may light up the whole landing field for the convenience of pilots arriving after dark or in bad weather.

"LE BOURGET BOUND": One of the big three-engined cross-Channel air liners tuning up before leaving Croydon for Paris

It is the navigation officer who gives permission for all machines to land or take off, warns approaching machines to stand by if the landing field is in use and helps, by means of magnesium flares and fog lights, pilots who may be trying to land in foggy weather.

His desk is connected by direct telephone with two other Imperial Airways' wireless stations, one at Pulham in Norfolk and the other at Lympne in Sussex. Each of these wireless stations, like that of Croydon, is provided with the most up-to-date direction-finding apparatus and wireless telephone equipment.

The second compartment, the wireless room, contains all of the receiving and transmitting apparatus, and is in charge of two operators who are in touch at all times with every machine operating over the air routes of southern England and Europe. By wireless telephone they are in constant conversation with the pilots, and know almost to a mile what progress each of the machines both outgoing and incoming, are making.

By this means it is possible for the control officer to indicate with a coloured flag stuck in a large-scale map of Europe the exact position of each machine in the air. Each flag bears the name and distinguishing mark of the machine for which it stands, and is moved about every five minutes as information reaches the control tower by wireless. On a busy day there may be as many as twenty-five flags stuck in this map, each representing a machine flying between London, Paris, Rotterdam, Berlin, or any other of the number of cities which are now linked by regular air services.

The departure of machines from foreign aerodromes is also reported at once to Croydon, and as soon as the message comes through up goes a flag at the point of departure, to be moved in its turn as the 'plane approaches London.

Another map in the control-officer's office has three pegs, one for each of the three wireless stations of the Imperial Airways. This map is for the position of machines which may have been thrown off their course by heavy weather or which may be flying "blind" through fog or

(Continued on page 92)

WHICH WON THE SPRINT?

A Page for the Mechanically Minded

MAN *VERSUS* NATURE: The starters in a novel race held at Hooton, near Birkenhead, during a motor gymkhana between a car, a motor-cycle, a whippet, and a horse. The distance was 300 yards. The cycle won in 14 sec.; the whippet placed second in 17 sec.; the horse came in third in 20 sec.; while the car was last in 21 sec.—a result unexpected by the majority of spectators. The car, of course, had to go through the gear-box to get up speed

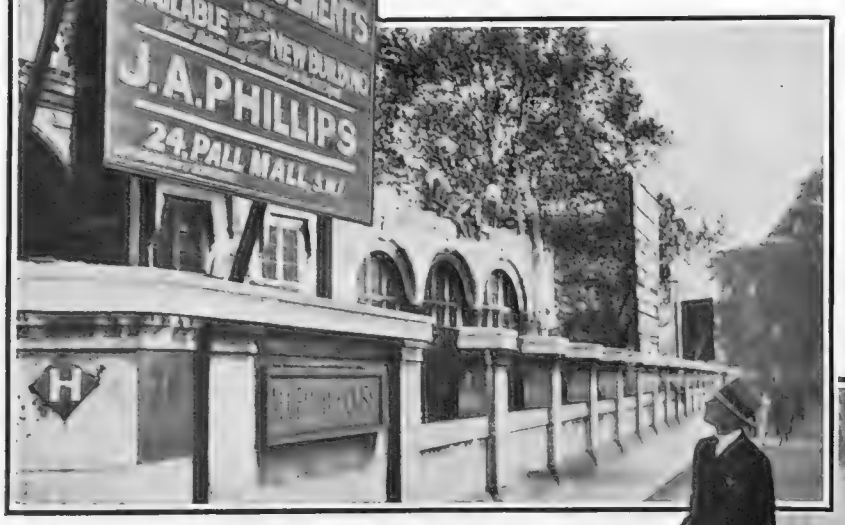
FLYING MOTOR-CYCLES: An unusual freight for a Croydon 'plane bound for the Continent. The great advantage of sending goods by air is that it avoids the necessity of packing them in special crates. Brown paper over the frame is all that is needed

A MOTOR-BOAT TRAVELS OVER THE MOUNTAIN: A very unusual device is to be found on the waterways between Osterode and Elbing in East Prussia. The Oberlandische Canal was constructed between 1845 and 1865. It united several lakes between Osterode and Elbing, and thus formed a water road between the two towns. The level of the water at Osterode is 96 metres higher than at Elbing, while at Liebemühl, which lies between the two towns, the level is 100 metres higher than at Elbing. In order to overcome these differences five "mountain-rollers" were built on which the boats can be carried on wagons over the higher ground. These wagons (or boat carriers) can convey motor-boats carrying 185 passengers; or transport boats with 80 tons of goods. The waterway between Elbing and Osterode is 84 kilometres long. The drawing out and letting down of the boat on to the "mountain-rollers" is managed by the water itself; the drop in the levels having been used to work a windlass.

HARNESSING THE TIDES: The plant demonstrated at Avonmouth, which is the first practical attempt to harness the tidal energy to produce electricity. The owners—Hydro Thermal Power, Ltd.—assert that, after only a few weeks' experience, electricity can be made by this means at half the present cost of production. The inventor is M. Paul Shishkoff, formerly a Russian naval architect who came to England during the War. The picture above shows the plant at work at low tide. Surplus energy is stored so that electricity can be created on the ebb tide

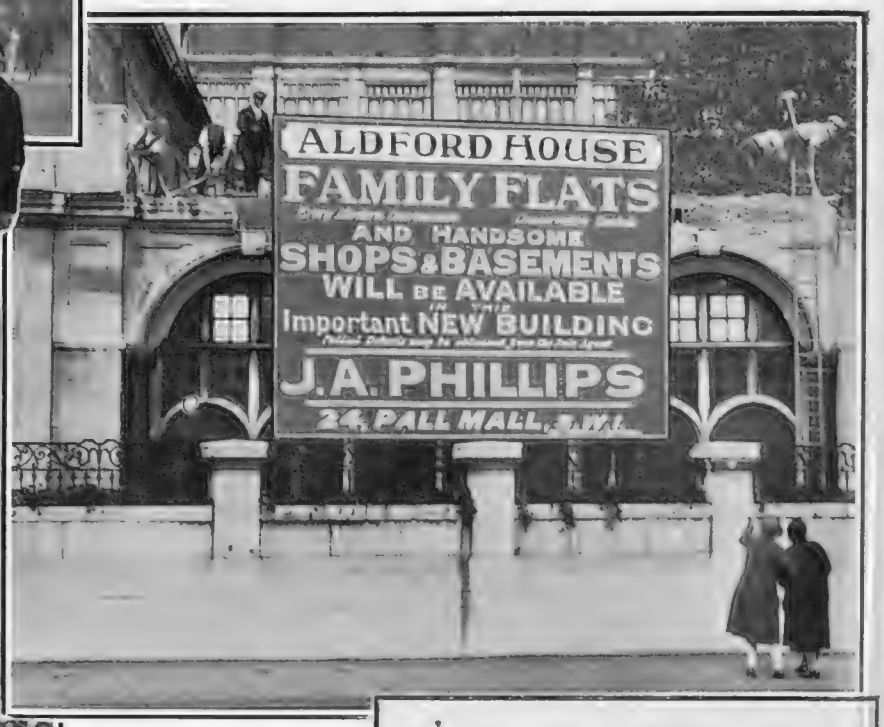
MAYFAIR CRUMBLING

The Biggest Sale of Property on Record. Old Berkeley Square and Park Lane Vanishing before One's Eyes



ALDFORD HOUSE, PARK LANE: One of the boards which denote transformation in Mayfair. The mansion announces its new form as "family flats"

INVASION: The first shop fronts creep up to the old balcontes which have overlooked Hyde Park for two centuries. On the left is a shop front; on the right the old bow windows traditional to Park Lane



The first pick-axe rings on Aldford House, yet another landmark to vanish

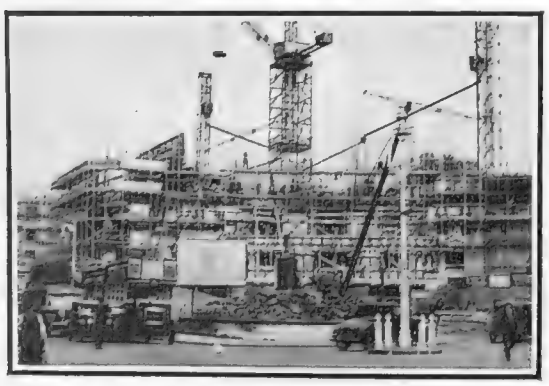
On left—*The most expensive block of London ever offered for sale*

FAREWELL TO BERKELEY SQUARE: The town house of Horace Walpole for sale as part of the great plot to be put up for sale in a few days

To be sold! Disposed of! In every street and quiet square great hoardings with scarlet letters seem to flame like danger signals through the dusk. Everywhere tall cranes and iron girders rear themselves up, monstrous spectres, against the sky, and day by day another familiar landmark disappears; another great house famous in English history gives place to a huge erection of service flats; to a gigantic modern hotel; to a picture house with glaring electric signs; to brilliantly lighted shops and garages crowded by huge cars. A new, modern, bustling spirit this, elbowing aside the old, dreamy London of the past, pushing its way with commerce and trade into the very heart of Mayfair.

Park Lane already has its shops below the modern structure of Grosvenor House, the plate glass windows of Daniel Neale take up all the east side of Portman Square. The seclusion of Berkeley Square was first invaded when the great firm of John D. Wood set up their offices in Lady Lindsay's house, and now nearly the whole of the west side of the square is to be demolished and rebuilt on modern lines. In Brook Street several houses are to be demolished and an extension is to be made to Claridge's Hotel. Sunderland House, in Curzon Street, is to be sold. Nothing remains of the old glory of Dorchester House, and the walls of the stupendous new hotel which is to take its place grow swiftly day by day; Aldford House is to be rebuilt; six of the large houses at the west end of South Street are to be replaced by shops and flats; several houses at the Corner of Park Lane and Upper Brook Street are to share the same fate. And as the house-breakers set to work and the sheltering walls come down in a cloud of dust, small, pathetic secrets of family life are laid bare to the gaze of the curious crowd. And with the fall of these old houses the spirit of London changes. And yet what memories they hold, memories now turned to dust! The splendid parties of the Whitelaw Reids in Dorchester House; the balls in the famous gallery built by Candy in Grosvenor House; the receptions in Devonshire House and Lansdowne House; the bow window of the little house in Tilney Street, through which the beautiful face of Mrs. FitzHerbert looked out; the house in Aldford Street where Beau Brummell spent so many hours selecting a suitable suit to walk down St. James's Street; the house of the wicked Duke of Queensberry (old "Q") at the corner of Park Lane; the house of Sheridan in Hertford Street! The tremendous maelstrom of modern civilization and progress has swept them away, names now almost forgotten, a Society that no longer exists. The traffic roars again on its way, the walls come crashing down, the scarlet letters on the big hoardings flash their danger signal from house to house warning them of their impending doom.

M. B.



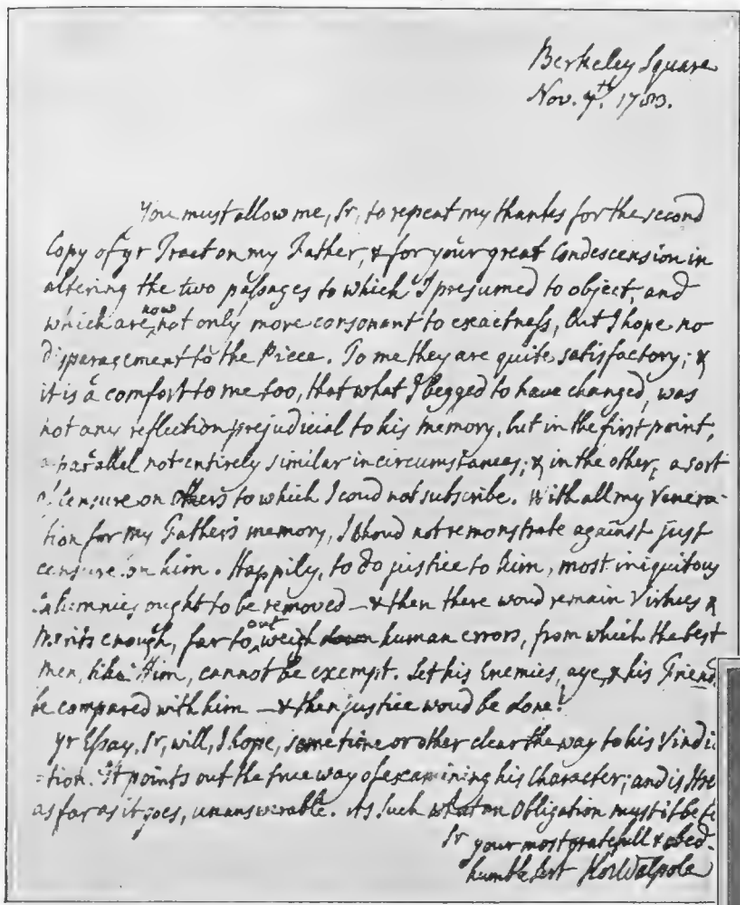
PHŒNIX: From the ruins of the Renaissance mansion rises the Dorchester House Hotel, named after its site. As yet it is a porcupine of steel rods

THE OLDEST PART OF MAYFAIR: Shepherd's Market looks down on a cavernous excavation awaiting the builder's army

INVADED: Portman Square, still the haunt of the aristocracy, but invaded on the south-east sectionby the ubiquitous blocks of flats and shops

A Hoard of Letters from Famous People

A Remarkable Autograph Collection Now Revealed to the Public by R. N. CAREW HUNT



Berkeley Square
Nov. 4th 1783.

You must allow me, Sr, to repeat my thanks for the second Copy of yr Tract on my Father, & for your great Condescension in altering the two passages to which I presumed to object, and which are now not only more consonant to exactness, but I hope no disparagement to the Piece. To me they are quite satisfactory; & it is a comfort to me too, that what I begged to have changed, was not any reflection prejudicial to his memory, but in the first point, a parallel not entirely similar in circumstances; & in the other, a sort of censure on others to which I could not subscribe. With all my Veneration for my Father's memory, I should not remonstrate against just censure on him. Happily, to do justice to him, most iniquitous calumnies ought to be removed — & then there would remain Virtues & Merits enough, far to out weigh human errors, from which the best men, like Him, cannot be exempt. Let his Enemies, aye, & his Friends be compared with him — & then justice would be done!

yr Essay, Sr, will, I hope, sometime or other clear the way to his Vindication. It points out the true way of examining his Character; and is Itself as far as it goes, unanswerable. As such what an Obligation must it be to

Sr your most grateful & obedt humble Servt Hor Walpole

A spirited defence by Horace Walpole of his father, Robert Walpole, the great Prime Minister, who had been bitterly accused in his own lifetime of political corruption. In 1742 a committee had been set up to inquire into his Administration, but had failed signally to prove anything against him. But the legend of his financial dishonesty long persisted, and received some support from the saying attributed to him that "Every man has his price"

To — The Secretary of the Treasury.

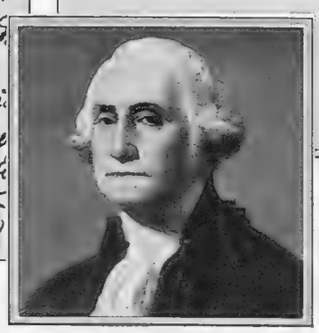
Sir,

The communication, which you made to me sometime ago, of your intention to resign, and to which you refer in your letter of the 27th instant (received yesterday afternoon) I always considered as depending upon events. —

Of course nothing has been done by me to render your continuance in office inconvenient or ineligible. — On the contrary I am pleased, that that you have determined to remain at your Post until the clouds over our affairs which have come on so fast of late, shall be dispersed.

Philadelphia May 29th 1794

G. Washington



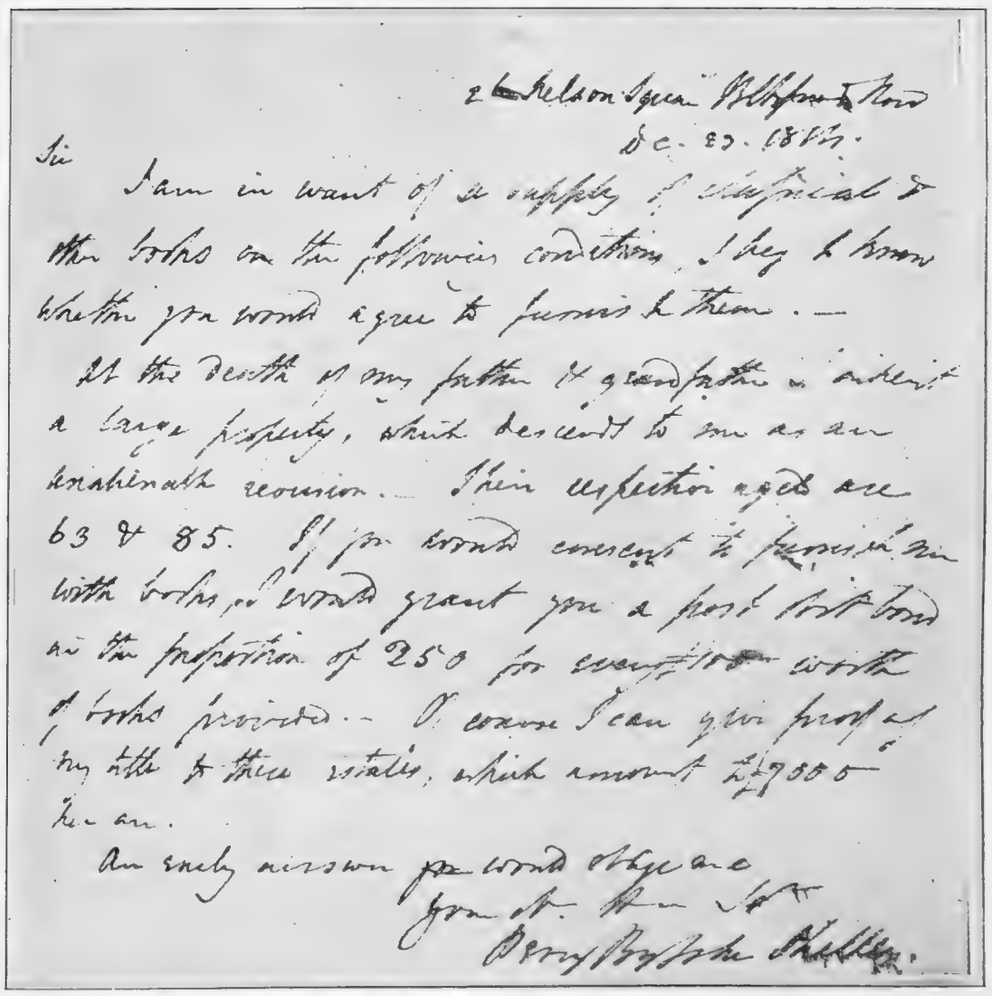
The Truth-Teller

George Washington to Alexander Hamilton, the author of the greater part of *The Federalist* (1787–88), whose exceedingly able administration as Secretary to the Treasury gave order and efficiency to the national finances. He resigned his office in January, 1795, principally on account of his differences with Jefferson, but he continued, none the less, to act as Washington's chief adviser

The Sage of Strawberry Hill

Horace Walpole, third son of the great Prime Minister, first Earl of Orford, succeeded his nephew as fourth Earl

The Poet of Liberty — Percy Bysshe Shelley



2 Nelson Square Blackfriars Road
Dec. 27. 1814.

Sir

I am in want of a supply of classical & other books on the following conditions, I beg to know whether you would agree to furnish them. —

At the death of my father & grandfather I inherit a large property, which descends to me as an unalienable reversion. — Their respective ages are 63 & 85. If you would consent to furnish me with books, I would grant you a post dist bond in the proportion of 250 for every £100 worth of books provided. — Of course I can give proof of my title to these estates, which amount to £7000 per an.

An early answer you would oblige me

Your ob. Hble Servt
Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Shelley had broken with his family after his expulsion from Oxford and his marriage with Harriet Westbrook. In 1814 his wife refused to live with him. He was at the time desperately poor. He had pawned his microscope for £5, and on October 27 he asked Mary Godwin to bring him his pistols to be disposed of in the same manner. Our present letter was written at the lowest ebb of his fortunes. A week later his grandfather died and his father then agreed to make him a provision of £1,000 a year.

A Hoard of A[u]...

Now Revealed to the Publ[ic]

On left: Cassandra—Lady Emma Hamilton

Now ... you ... my Dear Friend ... [illegible] ... I must give ... [illegible]

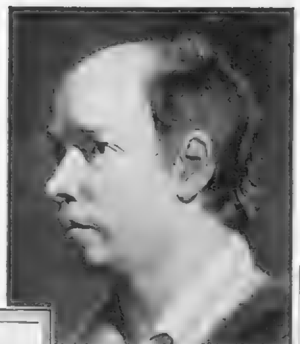
Written by Lady Hamilton from Merton on Nelson's departure from Merton for the campaign of Trafalgar. The writing is a sufficient proof of her agitation. She never saw him gaain. By his will she received £2,000 in cash, an annuity of £500 a year, and the house and grounds of Merton, valued at from £12,000 to £14,000

Victory 7th: 1804

My Dearest Emma

I send this by Captain Layman he is a good Man and an Excellent Officer and he is attached to Me. I have given him a strong caution not to say too much at the admiralty. if he was dumb and could not write it would upon the whole be better for him, do you caution him not to talk too much. He will tell you of my determination not be absent from Merton on Xmas day. nothing I can assure You my dearest beloved Emma but events which I cannot foresee can prevent Me and if I have the pleasure of meeting the french fle[et]

Nelson to Lady Hamilton. The Captain Layma[n] referred to was a most unfortunate officer. I[n] February 1804 he ran the sloop *Weazel* on the rocks near Gibraltar. He was court-martialled, b[ut] on Nelson's representations was acquitted and ap[-] pointed to the *Raven*. In January 1805 he aga[in]



"WHO WROTE LIKE AN ANGEL": Oliver Goldsmith

Sir

As the work for which we engaged is now near coming out and for the payment of which I return you my thanks I would consider myself still more obliged to you if you would let my friend Mr. Griffin have a part of it. He is ready to pay you for any part you will think proper to give him, and as I have thoughts of extending the work into the vegetable and Fossil kingdoms you shall share with him in any such engagement as may appear to ... I am Sir Your ... Oliver Goldsmith

The last work of Oliver Goldsmith, whose writing to-day is known almost entirely by *The Deserted Village* and *She Stoops to Conquer*—if not, indeed, only by the epigrammatic epitaph, a truncated portion of which is quoted above— was *The History of the Earth and Animated Nature,* which appeared in June, 1774, a few months after his death. Dr. Johnson prophesied that his friend would make it "as entertaining as a Persian fable," but it must be admitted that its interest in this super scientific age lies rather in the vivacity of its style than in its scientific accuracy

AUTHOR OF "TRISTRAM SHANDY": Laurence Sterne

Sterne wrote *Tristram Shandy* in 1759, and in this letter offered it to the famous publisher, Robert Dodsley, for £50. Dodsley refused it, greatly to his disadvantage. The first two instalments were printed at York and

(Continued opposite)

Sir York. May 23. 1759

With this You will rec.ve the Life & Opinions of Tristram Shandy, w.ch I choose to offer to You first—and put into your hands without any kind of Distrust, both from your general good Character, & the very handsome Recommendation of Mr. Hinksman. The Plan, as you will perceive, is a most extensive one,—taking in not only, the Weak part of the Sciences, in w.ch the true point of Ridicule lies— but every Thing else, which I find Laugh-at-able in my way—&

If this 1st Volume has a run (w.ch such Criticks as this Latitude affords, say it can't fail of) We may both find our Account in it. — The Book will sell;—What other Merit it has, does not become me either to think or say,—by all tests You are a much better Judge—the World however will fix the Value for us both. —

If You publish it now—a 2d Volume will be ready by Christmas, or Nov.r— the Reason for some such Interval, You will better see in reading the Book.— I think it will make a

Rather more than a hundred years ago my great-grandfather, John Wild, began to collect autographs. He limited himself at first to the French Revolution, and by the year 1826 he had secured letters of the principal figures of that period. He then began to look further afield. Here he possessed a great ally in his friend, William Upcott, "the father of autograph collecting." Upcott was one of the greatest collectors of his time. He collected everything of literary or artistic interest which came his way, and his house, "Autograph Cottage," 112, Upper Street, Islington, was filled with his acquisitions—books, pictures, prints, manuscripts, and autographs. In 1836 he decided, however, to part with a number of his autographs, and he offered John Wild the first refusal of them. It is probable that his friend fell in with this proposal, for a number of the letters in his collection were undoubtedly obtained at some time or other from Upcott. In 1856 John Wild left London, bought a property in Devonshire, and transferred thither his collection. At the time of his death in 1855, it consisted of thirty-nine large volumes which, in accordance with a practice very popular at the time, he had "Grangerised" by binding in with the letters the best prints of the writers which he could procure. For the next

Laurence Sterne offers his mas[ter]piec[e]

...tograph Letters

by R. N. CAREW HUNT

On right: Britannia's Naval Hero—Nelson

which I expect every hour I shall certainly ask for rest let who will be at the adm ... it is the same thing to me. April 9th whilst I was writing a frigate communicated to me that 34 hours before she saw the french fleet outside Toulon standing off that in the evening they stood inshore again.

Yesterday we saw some french ships of war and they are now in sight working into Toulon. Capt. Layman will tell you my anxiety, I was in great hopes that all my [illegible] was near being brought to a close and that I should visit Dear Merton and all there my soul holds dear for I am Ever more than ever your most attached affectionate and faithful Nelson & Bronte

lost his ship in the same manner. Nelson thought little of his discretion, but had a high opinion of his courage—a common trait in eighteenth century N.O.'s. He interceded warmly on his behalf, but this time without success. Layman was severely reprimanded and was never again employed

Cos: Dennis Lond: Jan: 10: 1705

I sent ye bed away last Thursday sevenight ye Carriage paid to Exon, directed to Mr Althey as you ordered, ye bed comes to 16, and with it I sent you an easy chair of ye same as the bed, wch my Mistress advised me, being very usefull, & fashionable he hath made ye best sort, it comes to 3, I hope they will please you, I am at present much out of order I have not heard as yet what ye frames that ye bed & chairs put up in, comes to, but I will not fail of giving an account of every thing in a post or two, I have sent you herein ye carriers note for ye carriage, pray tell Cos: Richd Parmyter, that Mr Rolles hath paid for his neckcloth. my service to all friends. I am ye Loving friend Servant & Humble John Gay.

The earliest known letter of John Gay, author of *The Beggar's Opera*. Gay, apprenticed to a silk mercer in London, is writing to his family at Barnstaple. His indentures were eventually cancelled on grounds of ill-health, but it is recorded by Ayre that he grew so fond of reading that he neglected to worry to sell his master's wares

AUTHOR OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA": John Gay

THE RAGING DEMOCRAT: John Wilkes, M.P.

In 1763 John Wilkes issued the famous No. 45 of his paper, *The North Briton*. In 1764 he was expelled the House of Commons for republishing it, and having fled to France was condemned by default to outlawry. In 1768 he returned to England and was elected M.P. for Middlesex. The House of Commons refused to admit him, he was imprisoned in the King's Bench, and his unsuccessful opponent, Luttrell, was declared elected. In 1774 he was again successful, and was allowed to take his seat, and in 1782 the resolutions excluding him were expunged from the Commons' Journals

Volume in Octvo of about the Size of the Essay upon ingenious Tormenting, by Millar—That is, allowing the same Type & Margin.—

Be so good as to let me have the favor of a Letter when You see the Manuscript.—wth What You think it worth to You.—tho' I believe the shortest Step is to tell You what I think its worth my self—wch I hope is 50 pounds.—

I am Sir
with great Esteem
for Yr Character
Yr most Obedt & humble Servt
Laurence Sterne

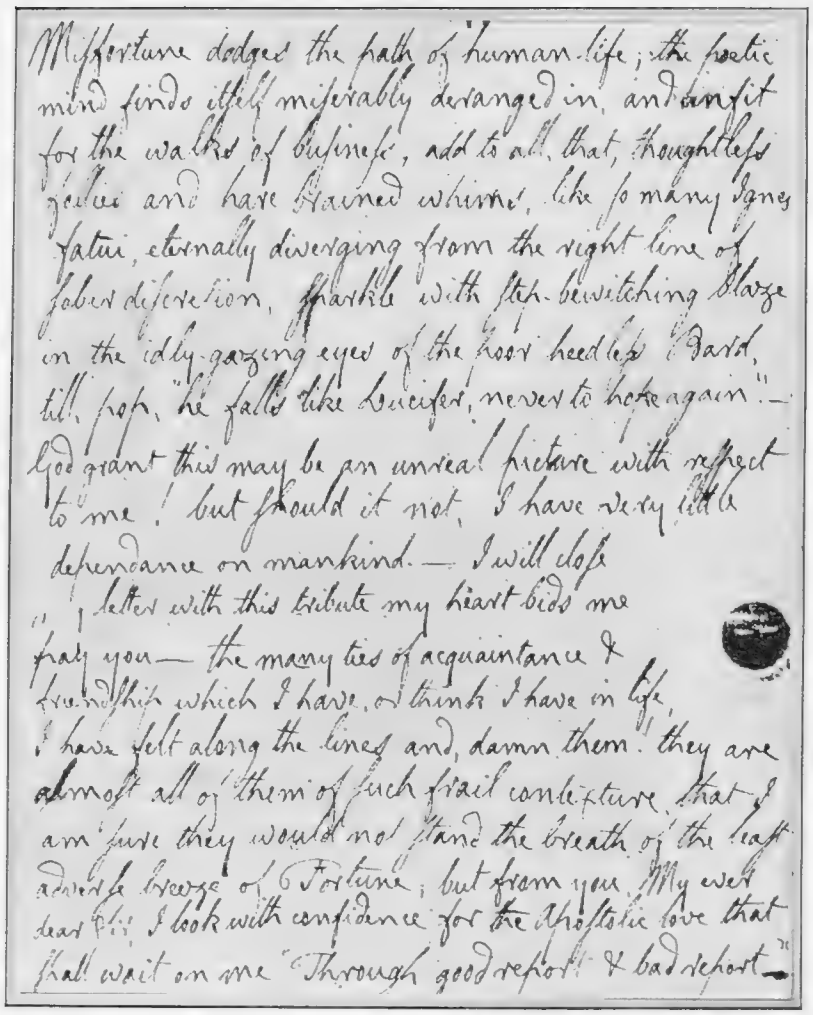
PS.
Please to direct for me Prebendary of York,—to be left at Mr. Hinksman's York

Some of our best Judges here wd have had me to have sent into the world—wth Notes Variorum—but there is great Room for it—but I thought it better to send it naked into the world—if You purchase the MS—We shall confer of this hereafter—

piece to a Publisher for £50

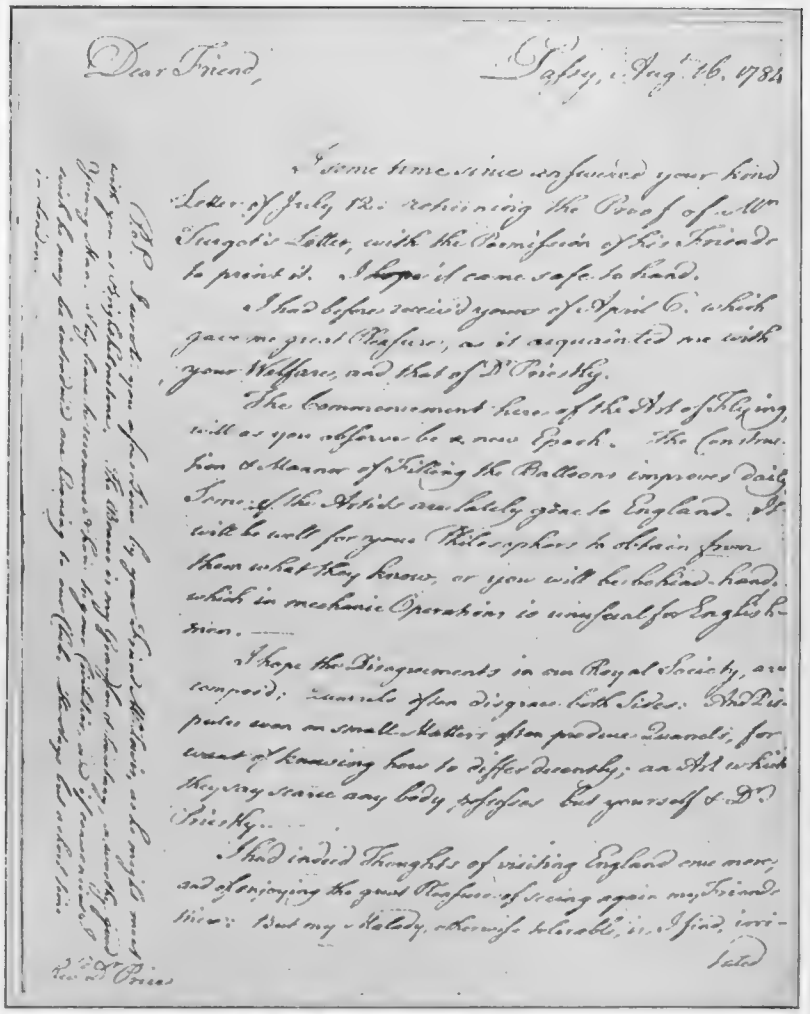
met with an immense success, Dodsley published the second edition in April 1760, and in August signed a contract whereby he agreed to pay Sterne £450 for these first instalments, and £380 for two further instalments six months after publication

seventy-five years the collection was kept under lock and key, and its very existence was forgotten. It then passed into my possession. An examination of its contents at once revealed the fact that it contained a large number of most interesting letters, many of which had never appeared in print. A first selection of these has just been issued by Messrs. Phillip Allan, London, and the Dial Press, New York, with the title, *Unpublished Letters from the Collection of John Wild*. The letters in this volume range from a holograph letter of the great anatomist, Vesalius, written to the Prince of Orange and belonging to the year 1544 or 1545, to a series of letters of the "unfortunate" Queen Caroline upon the occasion of her return to England in 1820. A second volume of unpublished letters will appear early next year. Some of the letters which are here reproduced in facsimile had already been printed before my ancestor acquired them; others were communicated by him to biographers and editors as, for example, Nelson's letter to Lady Hamilton. But the majority have never been published and give some idea of the store of unpublished material which the collection contains, and from which the letters which I have edited are selected.



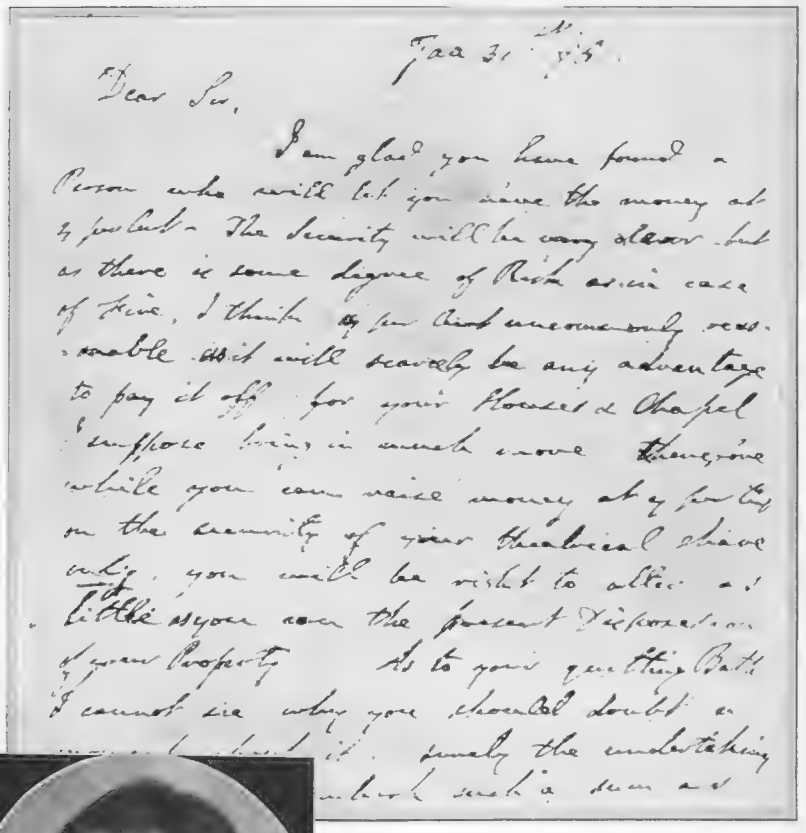
Sheridan is writing to his father-in-law, Thomas Linley, at Bath. In 1775 Sheridan, Linley, and Ford bought Garrick's share in Drury Lane Theatre for £35,000, and our letter has to do with this transaction. In 1776 the theatre opened under Sheridan's management, and in May, 1777, he achieved his crowning triumph as a dramatist with the production of *The School for Scandal*

THE WIT OF THE XVIIIth CENTURY: Richard Sheridan



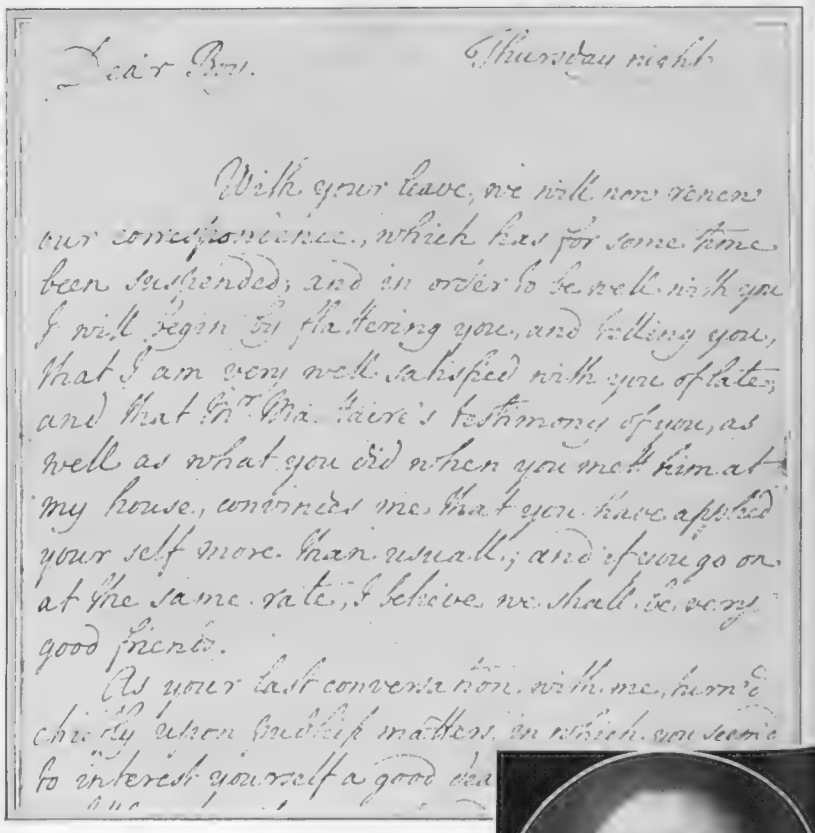
Benjamin Franklin, the famous American diplomat, statesman, and scientist, was at this time American representative at Paris, where, in 1778, he had negotiated a treaty of alliance between France and the United States. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of every learned society in Europe. His letter is addressed to Dr. Price, the well-known political reformer

THE DISCOVERER OF ELECTRICITY: Benjamin Franklin



Burns is writing from Mauchline (June 18, 1787) on his return from his first visit to Edinburgh. Here he had published a second edition of his poems and had become a celebrity. But in this letter he professes to be disgusted alike with the "patricians of Edinburgh" and with "his plebeian brethren" at home. He has little confidence in the success of his work, which he believes will not long survive the charm of novelty

THE POET OF SCOTLAND: Robert Burns

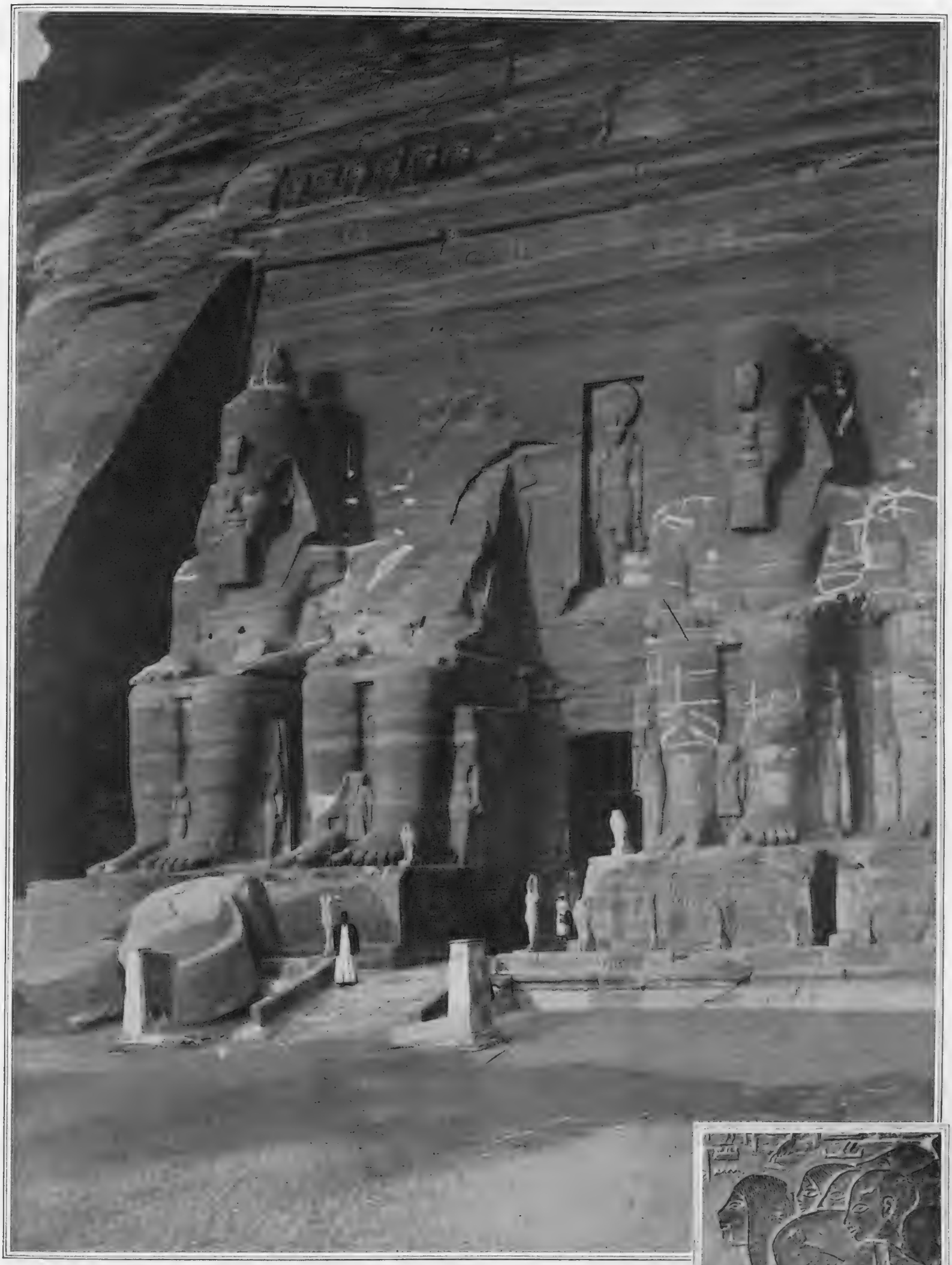


This unpublished letter of Lord Chesterfield belongs to the famous series of the *Letters to his Son*. Renowned for their urbanity no less than for their shrewd insight into the state of affairs in the country at his epoch. It was written in 1741 or 1742, and is endorsed on the back with the words: "The State of the Empire." The boy, Philip Stanhope, would have been about ten years old at the time

THE WRITER OF LETTERS: The Earl of Chesterfield

A Hoard of Autograph Letters

A GLORY OF OLD NILE: *Newly Pictured for "The Sphere"*



CUT FROM THE LIVING ROCK: ***Two of the four colossi at the great Temple of Abu Simbel. Portions of the shattered statue on the left lie in the foreground at the figure's feet***

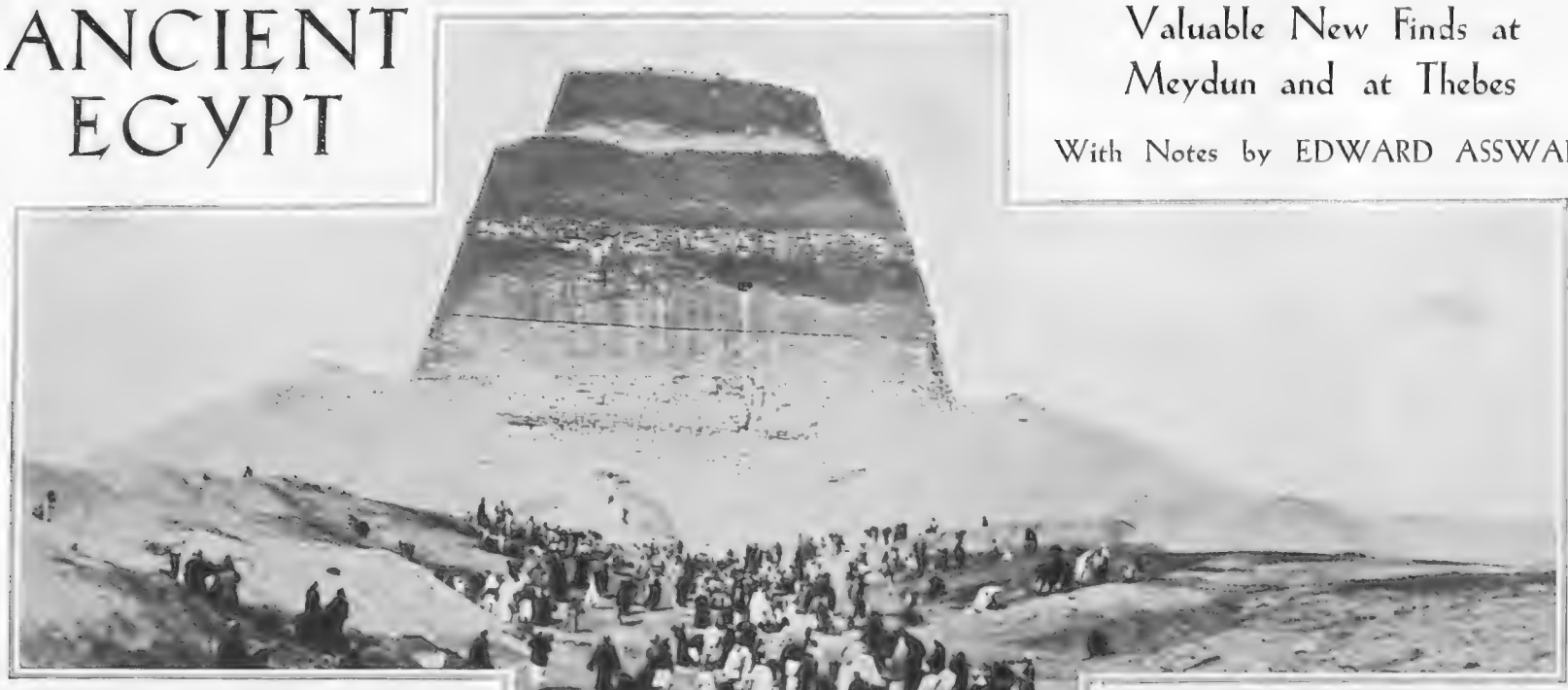
The Great Temple of Abu Simbel is entirely excavated out of solid rock. It was originally dedicated to Amon-Re of Thebes and Re-Harakhte of Heliopolis, but later Ptah and the *divus* Rameses II, the builder, were also worshipped in its precincts. The terrace is embellished in front with rows of captives and a cavetto cornice, and is bounded by a balustrade bearing a dedicatory inscription. Behind the balustrade stand figures of falcons and small statues of the king. Behind these stand the four colossi of Rameses II, hewn out of the cliff against which their backs are placed, and arranged in pairs on each side of the main entrance. Each figure is over 65 ft. high, thus exceeding the dimensions of the statues of Memnon; but the workmanship is good and the proportions correct, while their size harmonizes admirably with the scale of the façade of the temple itself and the surrounding cliffs. The first colossus is the finest likeness of Rameses, while the second has lost its head and shoulders, which lie on the ground before it.

A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF EGYPTIAN RELIEF: ***A group of courtiers of the Tut-Ankh-amen era from the Tomb of King Haremhab near Memphis***

ANCIENT EGYPT

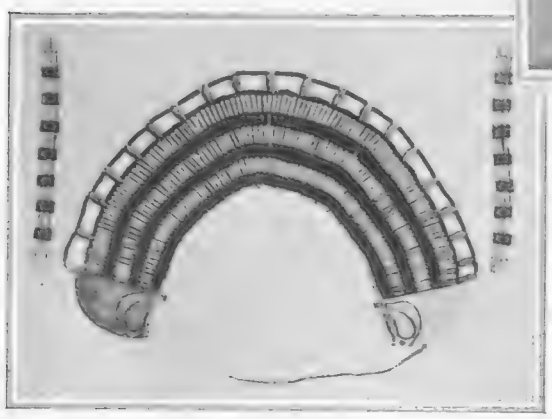
Valuable New Finds at Meydun and at Thebes

With Notes by EDWARD ASSWAD

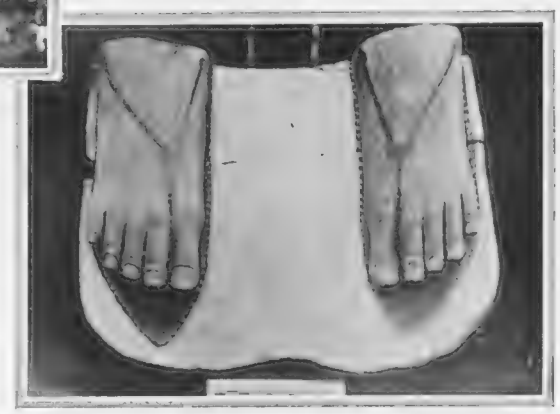


THE PYRAMID OF MEYDUN: The excavations at this ancient site are carried out by a large band of natives under overseers

The work at the Meydun site is conducted by the University of Pennsylvania Expedition under the leadership of Mr. Alan Rowe



JEWELLERY OF THE PHARAOHS: A pectoral and bracelets of the Twelfth Dynasty found in a 4000-year-old mummy in the Pyramid



DECORATIONS OF A COFFIN: Unique carvings found on a wooden sarcophagus unearthed in the Pyramid of Meydun

Egypt has always been recognized as the land of mysteries. Many treasures have been unearthed since the dawn of archæology, and yet great mines of gold and silver still lie dormant within the depths of the soil.

Whether on both banks of the Nile, in the vicinity of the green orchards overrun with ivy and trees, or on the fringe of the desert, through the length and breadth of the sand-statues and monuments, obelisks and pyramids, and other remains of the oldest civilization are scattered here and there, recalling the glories of the Pharaohs of the ancient times.

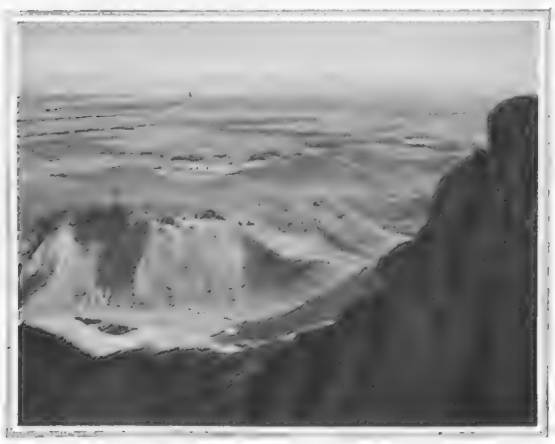
The Necropolis of Gizeh, the largest royal cemetery in the world, has witnessed the revival of the ancient Egyptian pioneers long dead, through the discovery of the secret tomb of Hetep-Heres, mother of Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid. And now near these royal bones, close to the basement of the Sphinx, the tomb home of Ra-Wer is being brought to light after the passing of five thousand years. The tomb is composed of two galleries and a large number of passages *(serdabs)*. The chambers discovered therein up to now (including the *serdabs*) are about sixty in number. The part of the tomb laid bare up to the present is about 120 metres long and from 20 to 40 metres wide.

Ra-Wer, the owner of the tomb, lived under the third king of the Fifth Dynasty, as is shown by an inscription commemorating the tomb and the date of its construction.

The most remarkable object yet found is a statue-base of alabaster of very fine workmanship. This kind of stone was generally used for the statues of the kings. In the sand which covered the mastaba of Ra-Wer a statue was found representing a seated woman, and a limestone stela representing Ra-Wer and his mother before him, hands on breast. The prince wears a panther skin, showing that he was a priest. This monument is of the best Old Kingdom work.

Another mastaba has also been found beside the above. It seems to belong to a member of Ra-Wer's family. In the funerary chamber of this little mastaba a gold necklace was found in a sarcophagus cut in the rock. This necklace is composed of two pieces of gold, each of semi-circular form and having at its end plaited gold threads of very fine work, comprising 600 gold beads and about 2,500 lapis-lazuli beads.

PAY-DAY: The workmen at the Theban excavations invariably ring the coins they are given, to test whether they are true or counterfeit!



A PLACE OF EXCAVATION: A general view of Thebes, where the first excavations under Egyptian supervision are being carried out by Professor Selim Hassan, who has been at work for a twelvemonth

The excavations which are being undertaken by Professor Selim Hassan at Thebes are the first of their kind to be carried out under Egyptian supervision. It goes without saying that the methods of the labourers and the foremen have not changed much during the centuries. The foremen still use long sticks of office in order to impress the workers with the necessity of intense application. On the other hand the fellaheen, as soon as they come to years of discretion, are apt to discover the value of passive resistance, and the result is that it has been found advisable to make use of young boys who are unsophisticated enough to work when they are told to, in preference to adults. Pay-day has changed a little since the days of the Pharaohs; work is paid for in cash and not in kind, but the ancient mistrust of the worker for the master has not yet vanished, and as soon as they are paid the hands proceed to ring their coins to see if they are good.

THE LARGEST ROYAL CEMETERY IN THE WORLD: The entrance to the Necropolis at Gizeh, where excavations are in progress

ONCE A CAPITAL, NOW A MAUSOLEUM: The scene of the excavations at Thebes, the one-time centre of Pharaonic Government. Karnak and Luxor are adjacent to it, while the Singing Statues are quite near by

The HARVEST of BACCHUS

Gleaned in the Fall in Many Lands

AUSTRIA'S VERSION OF THE KENTISH FIELDS: A scene during the vintage on the Wachau Mountains on the bank of the Danube, near Krems

THE FESTIVAL OF THE GRAPE: The great Roman festival was traditionally honoured in the Eternal City. Brightly painted wagons drawn by oxen and donkeys were driven through the streets by peasants in their picturesque clothes. Grapes are seen above on sale in the market of Trajan

SELECTION AND REJECTION: In the Champagne district the pickers are so practised that the separation of superior and inferior fruit is carried on simultaneously with the picking. This scene was taken on the Charles Duval vineyards. The pictures inset above and to the left show scenes of the Austrian vintage. The finest wines of the now dismembered Empire are made on the left bank of the Danube, near Krems, on the slopes of the Wachau Mountains. The peasants of the district have a great reputation for beauty

Drawn for THE SPHERE by D. MACPHERSON

THE PATH OF THE BALLOON: A diagrammatic exposition of the nineteenth-century attempt to reach the Pole by balloon. The vessel left Spitsbergen on July 11 and was abandoned on July 14. Thereafter Andrée and his companions made their way over the ice

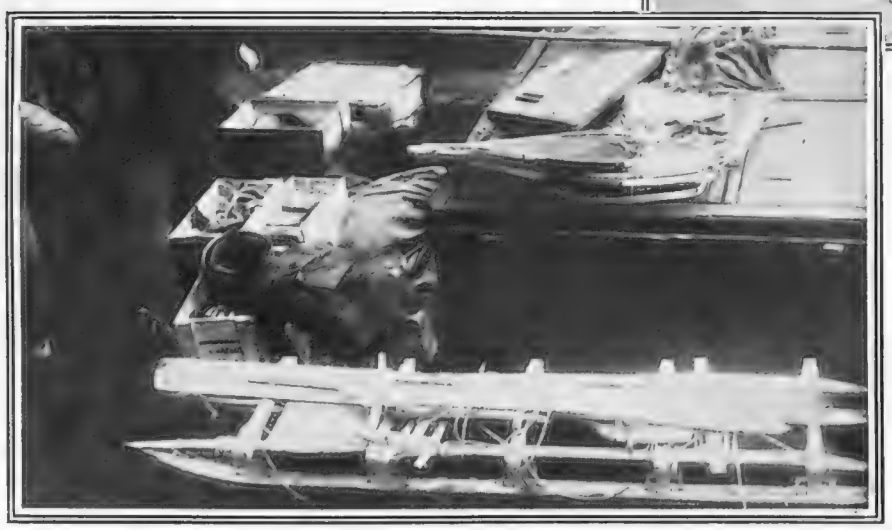
A good basis for discussing how to make a living and to travel safely and comfortably on the floating Arctic pack is that flight of Sir Hubert Wilkins which Captain Roald Amundsen, himself a distinguished Polar flyer, called "the greatest heavier-than-air journey ever made at any time anywhere in the world."

The Wilkins flight was the first and remains the only aeroplane crossing of the Arctic. It was a straight-away journey of more than 2,200 miles, about 600 miles farther than if they had merely flown to the North Pole and back. Yet they carried food for only two weeks, while planning a safe return afoot to civilization even with a forced landing so remote that it might require a thousand miles of walking over drifting ice and uninhabited lands to reach the nearest settlement of Eskimos or whites.

The reason why Wilkins and Eielson carried any food at all was to use it while possibly tinkering their 'plane if it should be slightly disabled by a forced landing. The 'plane once abandoned, they expected to live entirely by hunting.

The outfit for this kind of journey, and approximately what Wilkins carried, would begin with two rifles for a party of two or three men, one being a reserve. These would be 6·5-mm. calibre and would weigh about 6 lb. each; 200 cartridges weighing 6 lb. would be plenty of ammunition to feed two men two years, for our experience, running through ten seasons and many thousands of miles of such Arctic travel, has been that you can get 100 lb. of food on the average for each bullet fired. This does not mean that you kill every time, since most seals weigh above 100 lb.; some run to 800, and occasional polar bears will weigh nearly a ton. That brings up the average.

Besides the rifles, you would have certain very light gear used in finding seals under the ice, or in retrieving them if killed in open water. You must have one dog, and you should have two, for there are wide stretches where no human ingenuity can discover seals under the snow-covered floating ice, though finding them is a matter of untrained instinct with any kind of dog having a good sense of smell. Two dogs should be carried because one might die. Moreover they would earn their way after a forced landing, not only by discovering food along the way towards shore but also by helping to pull the load.



ELOQUENT RELICS: A pitiful gathering of mutely eloquent relics brought back to civilization out of the Frozen North by the Ishbjorn Expedition. Inset above is the map of the Arctic regions from *The Adventure of Wrangel Island* by V. Stefansson, the author of the accompanying article

clothing. It will last a year, and a man who can secure his food by hunting can sew new clothing out of skins as well. But there should be several pairs of foot-gear, for boots wear out rapidly, especially in spring when the ice is thawing into sharp "needles." Sleeping-bags weighing 6 lb. each would be a comfort, for then you could undress to sleep more restfully at night. Peary did not use them however, and his men slept in their day clothes.

There should be binoculars not higher than six-power, for then they can serve both as day and night glasses. Personally I would carry also a ten- or twelve-power glass for occasional use, for a hunter needs better vision even more than he needs better weapons.

You would carry no fuel, but only a small sheet-iron gadget for burning seal fat. You would carry no extras nor condiments, not even tea, for everyone who lives on boiled meat grows to prefer the broth to either tea or coffee and the native taste to artificial flavours. You will find it hard for the first two or three weeks to be used to three meals a day of nothing but lean and meat, seal and bear. But in six weeks you will be looking forward to your meals with eager anticipation and in six months you will have ceased thinking of potatoes, bread, jam, and other home foods. Your health on this straight meat diet will be the best you have ever enjoyed. Some members of my expeditions have lived as much as an aggregate of six years on a 100 per cent. meat diet, lean and fat, and have seemed the better for it.

The total weight of a suitable outfit for three men can be anything between 150 to 300 lb., according to the individual preferences of the party as to whether they would rather travel light with less comfort or a little heavier with more.

A first essential in winter is the use of snowhouses. It has been said by famous explorers, who prefer them to tents for comfort, that snowhouse technique is learned into the Eskimos and not attainable by white men. But I have written that I could teach snowhouse building by correspondence.

Among the possible readers of this article in THE SPHERE is a Cambridge Professor of English and his wife who, some years ago, learned from the description of mine, *The Friendly Arctic*, a snowhouse on the top of Ben Nevis and spent the night in it.

Another possible reader is a Chancery Lane patent agent who, when a Major in the Indian Army, built a snowhouse, according to the author's book description, in Switzerland, and also spent the night.

However, a description of snowhouse building is far too technical for a short article, so we shall rest with merely saying that three men in three-quarters of an hour can build a snowhouse comfortably large enough six to sleep in.

When you are living by hunting on the drifting ice the same animals that give you enough lean meat will give you too much fat, so that you always have plenty of fuel to keep your snowhouses warm. The colder it is outside the warmer it will be inside a snowhouse with smokeless and cheery sea oil lamps going, for it is the balance between the outer cold and the inner heat that prevents the roof and walls from melting.

Sleeping in snowhouses and keeping them warm, a traveller has none of those difficulties with hoar-frost gathering in his clothes that have been so poignantly described by Nansen for the Arctic, and Scott, Shackleton, and especially Cherry-Garrard for the Antarctic. In fact a technique as that of Wilkins removes practically every traditional part of hardship.

Various members of my various Arctic expeditions have spent an aggregate of many years on the drifting pack hunt-

ANDRÉE'S LAST CAM[P] discovered by the Ishbj[orn] Dr. Horn's party are th[e]

How ANDRÉE LIVED and DIED

The First Real Solution of the Thirty-Year-Old Arctic Mystery

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Although half-a-dozen notable travellers have lived in the Arctic by hunting, Mr. Stefansson and his party are the only ones who did it on the drifting ocean pack far from land. The first great exponent of living by hunting in the Arctic was the Scottish physician, John Rae, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company. He discovered the first evidence that Sir John Franklin and all his men had really been lost. After him the most notable cases have been David Hanbury, who, like Rae, was on the mainland of Arctic Canada, and Nansen who, with his one companion, was on the shore of a Franz Joseph island about as far north as Andrée but a little to the east. These travellers merely applied Eskimo technique, and like the Eskimos, lived on shore or by hunting sea animals near land. The reason why no traveller before our time tried to live by hunting actually on the pack was that the Eskimos believed it could not be done. There was also the additional reason that European scientists agreed with the Eskimos in thinking that the deep Arctic Sea far from land would contain no animals suitable for food. The Stefansson party found, however, that the number of food animals did not decrease either as they went farther north or farther from shore

of miles from shore. My second-in-command at the time, Storker Storkerson, for instance, travelled in 1918 to a point 200 miles from the nearest land where the ocean beneath him was three miles deep and made his camp on a floe about five miles in diameter and averaging ten or fifteen in thickness. With this he and his companions and their twenty or so dogs drifted 450 miles in six months at distances varying from 200 to 300 miles from shore, living by hunting. Then one of them became ill with a disease that has nothing to do with climate or with hardships (one common among the sedentary and wealthy of our cities) This made them think they had better get ashore, although the plan had been to spend a year drifting with the ice to study its movements. In his report to me on the return journey towards land, Storkerson said: "We started from a point a little over 200 miles from shore on October 9 and landed November 8 without accident or hardship." This matter-of-factness was not assumed. It was quite natural to a man who had been living by hunting and travelling over Arctic pack-ice for many years.

finds on Kvito (White Island) ion. Below the cairn erected by Andrée's house, built of driftwood

Seal-hunting on the pack is difficult. It requires a long apprenticeship, a great deal of patience, and the knowledge of at least four methods. No Eskimo community is well up on more than two of these methods, and consequently no untravelled Eskimo can be a really good seal-hunter throughout all the changing conditions of a long journey. The ideal food-provider is necessarily a white man or that almost non-existent thing, a widely-travelled Eskimo.

The various sealing methods can be learnt, however, somewhat as physics and chemistry are taught in school, and I have, in fact, tried to describe all the different techniques in various of my books, hoping for a clarity which would enable any intelligent young Arctic traveller to be self-supporting. Indeed I have tried it out once on a young Dane of the University type who succeeded in getting the first seal he went after, and that by the most difficult of the four techniques.

But while pack-ice sealing is difficult beyond the ready belief of most people, polar-bear hunting there is the reverse, simple and easy—practically child's play. For really you do not hunt—the food usually walks right into your camp, drops in when you are stopping to cook a mid-day lunch, or turns up in the evening while you are building the snowhouse.

The idea that bears are dangerous is flattering to the dilettante sportsman who makes hunting a field pastime and a drawing-room asset. But it is only slightly overstating the truth to say that a bear has no more chance against a modern rifle than a fly against a trip-hammer. At least, in my experience, it has always been the man's fault and not that of the rifle if the largest polar bear required more than one ·256-calibre bullet.

Bears prowl at all seasons all over the northern pack. Peary found their trails near the North Pole, and we found them even nearer to the centre of the ice than he did. They are rare in the middle pack, however, and increase in numbers rapidly as you go towards the edges, so that the greatest numbers frequent just that dispersed pack where Nobile and Andrée came down from their balloon ventures.

Apart from merely shooting bears when they come into camp, or pursuing them when we happened to see them, we used only two devices. When food was short our men would stand watch-and-watch at night, so as not to let any beast escape that happened to come sniffing around. The other idea is that when you are camped on the same floe for several days or longer you let the meat of the seals you kill lie around in the sun to decay and become odorous. If bears pass you by to leeward they will smell fresh meat four or five miles, and decayed meat perhaps two or three times that far. Then they will come up the wind to your camp.

While it is really easier and safer to live by hunting on the drifting pack than on shore, the belief in a hunter's ability to live on shore is widespread. It is well-known, for instance, that Nansen and Johansen did it admirably on Franz Josef Land in 1905 and 1906.

Andrée's party seems to have had no difficulty about securing game. The tragic death of those heroic men came to them stealthily when they were warm, well-fed, and snug in what they thought a safe camp. The Norwegian discoverers found their remains among scattered supplies of European food that is still wholesome no doubt after these thirty-three years, and there were strewn about also the bones of seals and bears that had been killed for fresh food.

The Andrée tragedy has nothing to do with polar conditions as such. The enemy was that same colourless, odourless, and unsuspectable gas that kills Englishmen in their garages. Here at home the cause is a running engine which burns imperfectly the gas made from petrol. With Andrée it was a primus stove burning that same gas also imperfectly. If death had to visit them on their pioneer adventure in northern flying, we cannot wish it had come otherwise than it did, undreaded because unexpected, and painless because insensibility from monoxide descends with no warning.

FRANKEL'S RESTING-PLACE: Here the skeleton believed to be that of Andrée's third companion was discovered by the Ishbjorn Expedition

Drawn for THE SPHERE by D. MACPHERSON

HISTORY RECONSTRUCTED: The tragedy of Andrée's oblivion for thirty-three years is accounted for by the fact that he built his hut in the lee of the cliff, so that it was submerged by drifting snow

The BIGGEST S

The First Pictures ever Permitted to be
by the Journalist who too

IMITATION: The number of copyists is one of the greatest and most striking features of the Louvre, where over one hundred artists are engaged in reproducing the masterpieces collected within its almost sacred portals. The number of tourists visiting this most popular of Parisian institutions transcends the seven-figure mark

COPYING AN OLD MASTER: One of the hundred odd copyists in the Louvre. The three-stepped chair is very typical of the place, affording, as it does, a back-rest

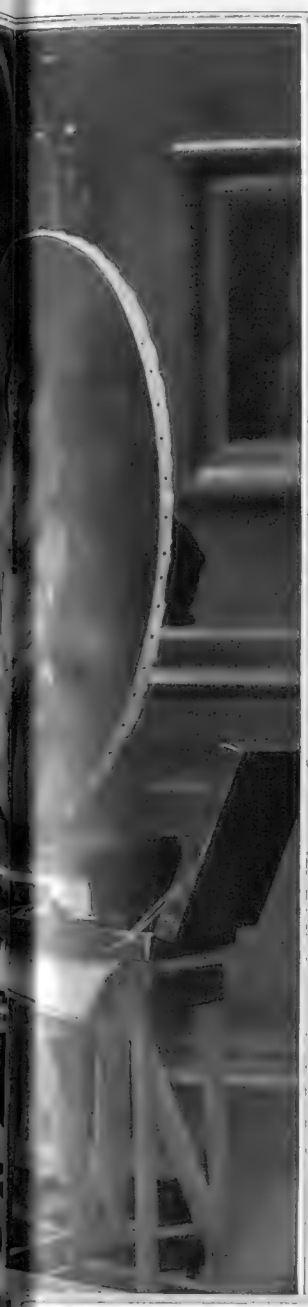
THE INFINITE CAPACITY FOR TAKING PAINS is a mark m of the original genius than of the copyist. In the tiny picture on the right is a section of one of the many instructional classes

RELICS OF ROYALIST FRANCE: The regalia of the Bonaparti lies in an almost magical case in the Louvre

In spite of the fact that British visitors to Paris throng the bars, the theatres, the "boites de nuit" of Montmartre, and the race-tracks, there is one place where the management consider the British in another light than frivolously inclined off-on-a-spree tourists. That is the Musée du Louvre, which cold statistics, furnished me by obliging government officials, proves to be after all the greatest drawing card under one roof in all France. British and American predominate amongst visitors to the Louvre, and more visitors thrill at the sight of the bronze and marble girls there than at their extremely flesh-and-blood colleagues of the Folies Bergère. As a matter of actual fa more persons visit the Louvre in the course of a year than all the music halls of Pa combined. Venus de Milo counts more heads on a Sunday afternoon than does "M in her combined nine performances in a week. Lindbergh holds the record for c biggest week. But he could not ruffle the brow of Mona Lisa if it were a week-in week-out contest. There are over fifty theatres in Paris. Ten million persons were who entered the combined theatres, while one million entered the Louvre alone. Acc

HOW in PARIS

aken in THE LOUVRE, with Notes
them, JAMES E. ABBE



THE PLACE OF MANY TYPES: Three separate and distinct classes of spectators—the expert, the taker of notes, and the appreciator

THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE CROWN JEWELS: By night the relics of Royalist France descend in Reinhardtian fashion into the vaults below their imposing shrine

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE: The Venus de Milo, sacred goddess in her shrine of beauty, who numbers her pilgrims by the hundreds of thousands. It is related that so profound an effect on the æsthetic sense of one visitor did this greatest relic of Classic Hellas exert that, seeing the Venus against the black velvet, he burst into tears

couple of million visit the other national museums in Paris and its environs. But the Louvre has any one race-track, the Cafe de la Paix, the Ritz Bar, Notre Dame Cathedral, or the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, beaten hands down. Conversations with many of the 220 guardians of the Louvre leave no doubt that English-speaking people predominate, with Americans and British about even in number. If France started selling these treasures of the Louvre the vast galleries would be empty within a week. If they even sent the Venus de Milo, Mona Lisa, and a few others, on tour of the world with an American press agent in advance, enough money would be realized so that France could pay cash for this security they talk so much about without having to tax the citizens of this Republic. But the French sell nothing, and export less! At the moment the direction of the Louvre is engaged in a project which may cause the Louvre to be a high spot in the night life of this city of night life. This is nothing less than a system of artificial lighting, illuminating the "objets d'art" with a cinema-esque treatment.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

DEFEATISM RAMPANT.—Carlo Decroix, blind, armless, leader of Italy's War invalids, has issued a flaming appeal to Italians to rally against the "growing spirit of Defeatism."

That this battle cry, with its ringing note of defiance and challenge to the insidious, traitor spirit of pessimism, which acid-like is stealthily eating into the social fabric of to-day, undermining confidence in self, governments, nations, and other institutions, is hurled into the world by a man from whom the War took the blessed sunlight and both arms, should shame many of us.

Almost the entire Western world is to-day in the grip of pessimism to a degree unprecedented in known history. A wave of black negation, politically, economically, spiritually, is sweeping over us. I emphasize it is the "Western World"—the world of modern civilization and culture—in a Golden Age of Science, material progress, and mechanical invention that is chiefly affected. Asia, the East, cradle of all our great religions, all our great Saviours, despite the seething unrest there, is far from being dominated by the pessimism that is choking us.

Pessimism is "Defeatism." The latter word was coined in the World War. People were put in prison for spreading it. Defeatism was stamped as a crime against the nation by public opinion. Yet to-day statesmen, governments, and Press not only appear to tolerate it, accepting it as a national psychological phase, but in many instances are themselves "germ-carriers" of the disease. For Defeatism is a disease of the will, of the spirit, of individuals and of nations. Pessimism is the symptom of the disease which has become a world epidemic. There is no quarantine against it.

Pessimism—Defeatism—is a conscious or subconscious admission that you are beaten, defeated. It is—surrender. It is throwing up the sponge before the fight is over, before the game is played to the end. It is a violation of the Western code of manhood and womanhood. Lastly, it is the worst aspect of that exaggerated pacificism extended to the life of the individual, and through him or her to the nation, bequeathed to the West as a reaction of the World War. Pessimism is responsible for atrophy of national ambition and ideals, public apathy, and lack of individual enterprise and venture.

Defeatism is a thousand times worse than the Kismet, the fatalism of the Orient. That of the East is Passivism, not Pacifism. There is a world of difference. The one is knowing how to wait, patiently but alertly. The other is refusal to grapple with circumstances or conditions—national drifting.

Different nations are differently affected. In Britain it has taken the form of gloomy resignation, a *morale* as low as ever existed in the worst days of the War. Only then there was fight in us. Now there is none—or little. We suffer ourselves unresistingly to provide a spectacle for a gaping, long-envious world, watching Britannia for the first time since the beginning of the Empire succumbing to Defeatism — tacit acknowledgment of weakening supremacy and leadership.

Pessimism, but not yet Defeatism, is sweeping Germany. The Germans are very pessimistic, but even the exhaustion of the long War and the political chaos of the post-War period has not made them admit defeat. Excepting for the defeatist pacifist elements, there is fight in the Germans. They may, probably will, go through terrible times, but as long as there is fight in them—and I do not mean war—there will be hope for the Germans.

No country is battling harder with economic Defeatism than the United States. In many circles I found pessimism as black as in England, but not so resigned.

Argentine, Brazil, Mexico, Chile, are gripped hard by it. On Spain, with its naturally easy-going people, economic pessimism rests heavily. France, a fighting nation, the richest people in Europe to-day, no unemployment, Bank of France filled with gold, is nervous about the future, but there is no sign of Defeatism there. Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden—pacific, but not pacifist peoples, have their share of depression, but their spirit is healthy.

Italy, temperamentally given to rising to great heights but whose spirit is easily dashed to the depths, is having a difficult time of it despite the incalculable value of such a will as that of Mussolini. The inroads of individual Defeatism is best reflected by the appeal of the blind and armless leader of the War invalids.

Austria is as deep in economic Defeatism as Germany, but not with the latter's will or fighting spirit.

Russia is ruled by an iron will from the Kremlin. Tens of thousands are being sacrified there in the Communist economic battle. In the war of blood and iron the ranks of the strongest provide the most victims. In the economic struggle it is the weakest who fall first. There is no Defeatism in the Kremlin. A spirit of ruthless offensive grapples, and fight goes out from it. It may be defeated in the end, but not until that end has come will defeat be admitted.

There is no Defeatism in Egypt. There is Passivism, but not Defeatism, in the struggle in India. The Civil War in China does not indicate any deterioration of will or dying spirit.

And Japan, how one must admire the fighting spirit there. Torn by earthquakes, tens of thousands killed, material losses running into hundreds of millions, severest economic depression, but with the old Sumurai spirit alive, alert. No Defeatism there. An example for us.

AN OASIS OF PEACE.—A "Taxpayers' paradise" nestling in the heart of a tax-burdened Europe. The paradox of a Monarchy within a Republic. That is how I found Liechtenstein the other day, unique oasis of peace and unprogressiveness, against whose natural mountain ramparts swirls unavailingly the tempestuous European maelstrom of international and political chaos, taxation, unemployment, militarism, hate, fear, despair.

Half-ruined by the War, Liechtenstein's 10,500 inhabitants elected in 1921 to transfer their 65 sq. miles of territory, and themselves with it, from tottering Austria to solid, stable Switzerland, and remains the tiniest, last, and only one of fourty-four German Principalities to survive the debacle of 1918.

While not precisely "tax-less," the existing taxes are so small that they make little difference. Swiss francs are now local currency. On 1,000 francs, complete taxation, including State and property tax, amounts to a fraction under 3 francs. There are no taxes on wages or earned income. The "coupon tax" on securities and dividends is 2 in 1,000.

The Budget for 1928 was approximately £7,300. There is neither Army, Navy, nor Air Force to make demands upon the State resources. Liechtenstein has had no Army since 1866, and not one solitary aeroplane is registered in the country. Prime Minister, Parliament, and Police Force cost the taxpayers some £924 a year. The Regierungschef, in other words, Dr. Joseph Hoop, head of the Government, gets £300 a year. The fifteen members of the Landtag, or Parliament, draw £16 a year each. The State Police Force—of three policemen—are salaried at £128 annually.

Three hundred telephones serve the 10,500 population, who also boast amongst them 130 automobiles and seventy motor-cycles.

The capital, Vaduz, with 1,300 inhabitants, stretches nonchalantly beneath the Royal Castle, seldom honoured by the presence of seventy-six-year-old Prince Franz and his Consort, Princess Elsa, who spend most of their time in Vienna. Theatres, dance halls, and cabarets are unknown in this Tom Thumb State, but twice a week, on Saturdays and Sundays, a cinema show is given in Vaduz.

Royal Councillor Joseph Ospelt, who "sitting in" for the Editor of *The Liechtenstein News*, agreed that they are a fortunate people, though not untouched by world-wide economic depression and problems.

"We have our unemployment troubles too," he told me gravely; "there are at least a hundred workless in the country. As there is no dole system, the Government is promoting public works to employ them."

The most important of these public works, Councillor Ospelt said, is the construction of a seven-and-a-half mile pipe-line from a reservoir in the mountains to supply Vaduz with water. Party politics are not unknown. The Parliament of fifteen is divided into two parties, the "People's Party" and the "Conservatives." A voluminous Press Law of fifty-one paragraphs controls the two newspapers. The newspapers in question, *Volksblatt* and *The Liechtensteiner Nachrichten*, are bidden not to concern themselves with "higher things." Any official "corrections" of what may appear in the Liechtenstein Press "may not be commented upon" in either one of the newspapers.

Men are eligible to vote at twenty-one years of age, but the women have no vote. Their rôle is still confined to home and farm, "but women are encouraged to take an interest in Church affairs," I was hastily assured. Postage stamps would seem to be one of the chief exports. The one little post office in Vaduz is always the scene of greatest animation, where visitors buy extravagantly of the most picturesque souvenirs of Lilliputian Liechtenstein.

RULERS OF AN OASIS OF PEACE: Prince Franz I and Princess Ilse von und zu Liechteinstein. The prince, who is seventy-six, was secretly married in 1929 to Frau von Eros, widow of a well-known Jewish-Austrian journalist. Liechtenstein, formerly Austrian, is now attached to Switzerland, between the Canton of Grisons in which (the Tyrol and Voralberg and the Rhine) it is confined. It is at most fifteen miles long and has a mean width of five miles

SYMBOLIC.—One thousand American business men assembled to rejoice at a funeral conducted by the Rev. Rowland Wagner, and to join Governor John Garland Pollard's condemnatory oration over three coffins consigned without regret to the Atlantic Ocean between Norfolk, Virginia, and Cape Charles.

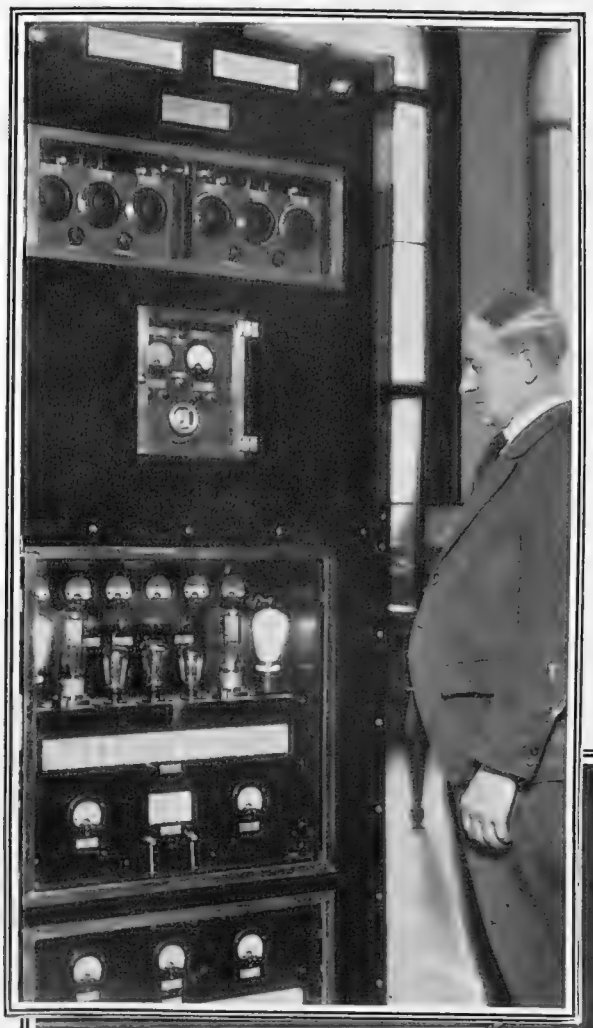
This strange ritual theoretically burying Business Depression, Pessimism, and Misfortune was concluded by Governor Pollard's funeral oration, in which he said "Old Man Depression, Old Lady Pessimism, and your unhappy daughter Miss Fortune, the United States is no place for you. You lived upon mass timidity. Your time has come. From top to bottom, in all lines of industry and trade in the United States and abroad, leaders of business are exercising every resource of ingenuity and hard work to eliminate waste and inefficiency. Miserable creatures, I consign you to a watery grave. Your doom is sealed. Old Man Hard Work, Lady Optimism, Little Johnny Payroll, and Miss Good Fortune are here to take your places." Whereupon the thousand business men went their thousand different ways all over the American Continent to spread a thousand contagious laughs amongst their twenty, fifty, or hundred thousand friends and acquaintances.

FRANCE TURNS YANKEE.—France threatens to oust America as a Land of the Superlative, according to the magazine *Vu*, whose contributors to a special number commemorating the centenary of the present French tricolour claim that everything worth while is the inspiration or product of a French brain.

In fifteen explanatory articles the following triumphs are credited to France:

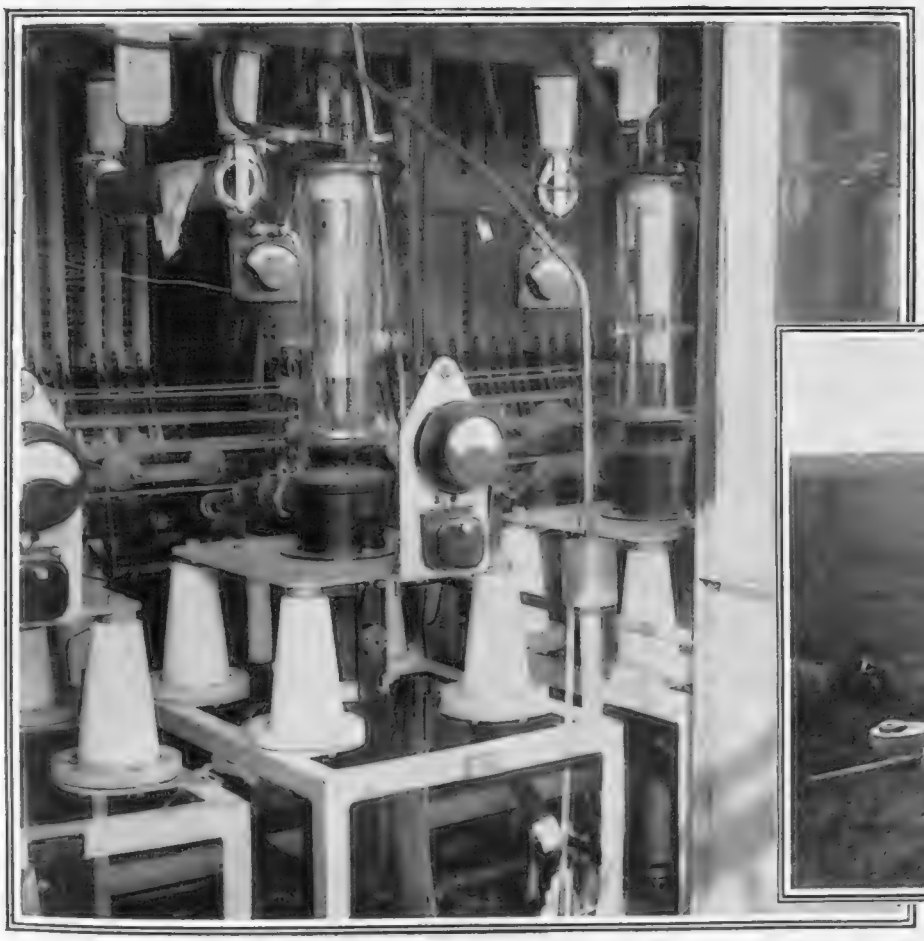
(1) The world's best colonies—those in North Africa.
(2) The first air-machines to leave the ground—Clement Adler's clumsy artificial bird which left the ground on October 14, 1897.
(3) The greatest armed concrete arch, uniting Brest with the nearby island of Plougastel.
(4) The greatest aviation hangar at Orly.
(5) The greatest lighthouse, at Mont Afrique, near Dijon.
(6) The most powerful projector, installed at Suresnes.
(7) The fastest warships in the world.
(8) The best wine in the world.
(9) The fastest train in the world, serving Paris–Liege.
(10) The most beautiful and seductive women in the world.
(11) The best dressmakers in the world.
(12) The first motion-picture which functioned was French.
(13) The first talkie was produced in France, 1910, by Leon Gaumont.
(14) France has the best cooking in the world.
(15) France is the best place in the world to live.

MECHANICAL MARVELS of the MODERN WORLD



On left—A NEW BROADCAST RECEIVER: The instrument in the Science Museum, South Kensington, which is used to experiment with amplifying and detection without distortion

HOTEL BOOK-KEEPING: The instrument in Grosvenor House inaugurated by Mr. Arthur Edwards, the chairman. Every item on a visitor's bill—food in bedrooms, meals in restaurants, skating, and everything else—is entered by this almost human mechanism



ANTI-RED: The Polish station destined to drown out the Bolshevik propaganda broadcast from Moscow. It will have twice the range of the Russian station. Above is one of the six valves—each capable of handling 100 kilowatts and equal in power to the latest six-wheeler bus

THE CALIGRAPHIC ROBOT: One of the most life-like mechanical humans ever made. This figure, on view at the Radio World's Fair, New York, can actually write. The motive power is electricity

THE FOG COMPASS: Mr. H. Barnes with his invention, a navigation-compass sensitive to sound waves. This is on view at the International Exhibition of Inventions, held at the Central Hall, Westminster

SCIENTIFIC GEOLOGY: The measurement of the depth of various strata by means of electricity is the subject of experiment by a notable London firm. The work is being carried on at Cleeve Hill, near Cheltenham, in the Cotswolds

CHEAP BOOKS and POOR AUTHORS

Mr. Gollancz's Experiment, which may Involve a Double Meaning to the Word "Poor"—and Other Literary Matters of the Day

By CECIL ROBERTS

I have received from Mr. Victor Gollancz, who has demonstrated that he is a publisher of considerable enterprise, the announcement that he has formed a subsidiary company, to be known as Mundanus, Ltd., whose purpose will be to issue new novels, bound in paper, at the price of 3s. 6d. In a prospectus he includes he frankly states that he is indifferent to the pros and cons as affecting authors, that he is making a commercial experiment in the belief that, as on the Continent, there will be a big sale for paper backed novels.

My admiration of Mr. Gollancz's commercial courage does not alter my dismay at what I consider, should his scheme succeed, a calamitous blow at the profession of authorship. The public, of course, will feel no concern either way. It is naturally ready to buy the cheapest article at any time, whatever the morality attaching to the business may be. In the last two weeks this office has received some two hundred new novels for review. Most of them are quite well written, most of them are doomed to failure. In opposition to Mr. Gollancz's scheme for more and cheaper books, it would be better if there could be fewer and dearer. The ranks of insolvent novelists are tragically overcrowded. Of the two hundred novels I have mentioned, not thirty will bring in their authors more than £40. One half of them will bring them nothing.

On the Continent, where the cheap paper-backed novels, such as Mr. Gollancz wishes to introduce, is in vogue, the conditions of authorship are notoriously pitiable. Authors, with household names, cannot keep themselves above the poverty line. That is the position I foresee here should Mr. Gollancz succeed. In England the dear novel has established the subscription library. This body has stabilized the sales of novelists so that they and their publishers can calculate on a known revenue. If new novels are obtainable at 3s. 6d., then the purpose for which the subscription library existed, minimising the cost of new books to their subscribers, ceases, and with their prosperity will vanish the means whereby the more serious and expensive books are obtainable.

I cannot believe that any novelist of standing will allow his new book to be published in paper at 3s. 6d. with an inevitably reduced income. I, for one, will certainly not, and would cease writing rather than succumb to such cut-rate methods. Not one of the three novels Mundanus propose opening their list with is by a reputable author. One of them, it is true, has a certificate of future immortality from Mr. Arnold Bennett, but promise is not performance. Of the other two books one is of the blatant bootlegging, crime-king kind, the other a public-school novel of Eton with "the most startling and disquieting revelation we have ever read." Before the book is out I have a shrewd idea of its disquieting revelations. Will it not disparage a great school, with the usual disproportionate display of sexual aberrations, in the usual manner of sensation-mongering? So much for the service to literature. There is to-day a glut of excellent novels, at 1s., 2s., and 3s. 6d., by established names, which any bookseller will tell you are a deluge on an overpopulated market.

But let us return to books. Here is one that should not be missed. *The Victorian Tragedy*, by E. Wingfield-Stratford (Routledge. 10s. 6d.). I seem to remember Mr. Wingfield-Stratford in the rôle of novelist, in which his scholarship sat a little heavily on his satirical style. His wide knowledge, his trenchant prose style, and the independence of his thought have never received the recognition they merit. He wrote a *History of British Civilisation* that should have made him famous in an age with any serious claim to criticism. I hope this book will have a better fate. It is at once a championship and a survey of the contribution to civilization of the much-derided Victorians. The author sets out to defend them from the gross depreciation to which they have been submitted by the newest school of "all-our-great-men-are-humbugs" biography. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford does not spare any of the Victorians; he has a biting wit, and a merciless power of analysis, but he is the just judge, if the severe.

His book passes in review the Victorian Diety, a terrible Sadist, who, according to the gospel of Dr. Watts, the renowned hymnologist, was always eager to "send young sinners quick to Hell." There was the amazing storm over Ritualism—"it means the defilement of your daughters, the seduction of your wives," but perhaps not more amazing in its hysteria than our own recent Prayer Book squabble; there was the invention of horsehair furniture. But what figures these men were, and what women! Gladstone, Disraeli, Gordon, Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Spencer, Huxley, Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, Dickens, Thackeray—does it become us to belittle the era that produced them? Not even the Great War could, out of its immense cataclysm, produce a single outstanding figure to match their dimensions. They were odd in their tight conventions, but they had convictions, they wielded power.

Dr. Wingfield Stratford brings home this fact vividly, and after the fashion of belittlement this is a much-needed antidote. As a survey of the Victorian era this book is a masterly and compelling achievement.

If, as in other countries, we had the pleasant habit of rewarding writers who render a public service, Mr. Beresford Chancellor might be fittingly accorded the Freedom of the City of London. No man by his numerous and voluminous books on the history and topography of London has rendered the Londoner a better service. He combines wide reading and scholarship, embracing the historians, the architect, and the antiquarian, with an admirable prose style. I find his *The Annals of Covent Garden and its Neighbourhood* (Hutchinson. 18s.) as well written, illustrated, and informative as his former volumes. He has chosen an area rich in personal memories and historical associations. In 1533 the property known as Covent Garden and the seven acres called Long Acre, of the yearly value of £6 6s. 8d., were granted to John Russell, who thereby founded a great fortune and family. We are apt to forget the Italianate form of the Piazza of Covent Garden, derived more directly from the Place Royale, and it is sad to witness what a fall from beauty and fashion there has been. The adjacent streets in their names and traditions hold still the impress of the eighteenth century, all of which Mr. Chancellor scrupulously examines, annotates, and discourses upon with scholarly fascination.

> "When the music stopped there was always the sound of the sea falling, remotely and eternally, on the shingles below the pier. It divided all time into a gentle boom, a pause, a shricking drag of pebbles, and another gentle boom. In the old age of the world its unhurried pulse had beaten thus upon the windswept dunes of the Lido. Generations of fisherfolk, sharing the solitude with sea-birds, had been born, lived, and died to its measure. The exiled Byron had paused in his gallop through the tamarisks to listen and be melancholy. And now the tamarisks and fisher-huts were gone. . . ."

Who wrote that? In a few moments I felt it was from a master pen. It is the opening of Margaret Kennedy's new novel, *The Fool of the Family* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). From that moment to the last, on p. 328, I followed the history of Caryl, of Sebastian Sanger, and of Fenella, and the grip on me never relaxed. This is the real successor to *The Constant Nymph*; it gives us the history of the pathetic Caryl and the masterful, remorseless Sebastian. I think it is an even better story than *The Constant Nymph*, a feat that seemed impossible. With this book there can be no longer any doubt of Margaret Kennedy's power, her immense vitality, the swift, flame-like reality of her characterization, and the gift of evoking a sentient world. Much of this book is set on the Lido and in Venice. I know every stone of which she speaks, and yet familiarity in no way lessens the excitement, the pleasure, in the just word and right judgment of each place and person. An enchanting idyll this, with tragedy just evaded in the close.

It has become the fashion to sneer a little at the robust man who declared he was the captain of his fate, the master of his soul, but with all the facts considered Henley's heroism was the real thing.

A worthy biography has long been due, and Mr. Kennedy Williamson has performed his task worthily, with infinite detail, and a thorough examination of every corner that can be made to yield anything of interest upon his subject. I think this book, *W. E. Henley: a Memoir* (Shaylor. 10s. 6d.), produces evidence for an even more forceful Henley than the one of legend. That he had so many fervent disciples is not to be wondered at; he was as downright in making and serving his friends as he was with his enemies. As an editor he drove a wonderful team, Wells, Stevenson, Conrad, Kipling, Locke, Yeats, and Phillpotts, and his editorship had an astonishing aspect—"that Henley, the innovator, the rebel, the iconoclast, the derider of respectability, he who sneered at the institutions that the Tory holds most dear, should be guiding the opinions of Britain's nobility from an editor's chair, is one of the anomalies that make life the amazement it is. But I fear the comment of G. B. S. remains true—"he was a tragic example of the combination of imposing powers of expression with nothing important to express."

Bertram Park

THE AUTHOR OF "LIAISON, 1914": Brigadier-General Spears, whose wife has made the name of Mary Borden famous, has written a remarkable first book dealing largely with the French v. French problems of the early War days

I suppose it is Time and not Rider Haggard nor myself who are at fault, but I could not for a moment believe in any of the characters or incidents of *Belshazzar* (Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.). Yet this is obviously the old Rider Haggard, with the same manner, and when I tried this new novel on a boy the book could not be wrenched away from him. So it must be sophistication that is the matter with me and, to a very young generation, this new Rider Haggard novel may be an event. But why has it been withheld from us for so long?

I know of nothing more damning to the Victorian era than the outsides of its elementary schools. But I believe the insides, until recent times, were not very much better. If you want to learn of the drab routine, slavery, and grinding conditions of school-teaching in the poor working-class districts read *Unwillingly to School* by Anne Allardice (Benn. 7s. 6d.). It has been taken direct from life by a writer who has the power of vivid transcription.

briefly commended

The flood from the publishers is in full spate; it is quite impossible to do justice to so many good books. Here is my selection, purely capricious, but made on a test of interest, authority, and quality of writing.

The Painter of Victorian Life (Constantin Guys). A magnificent illustrated production, by "The Studio," 42s. net., with a translation of "Baudelaire, Peintre de la Vie Moderne." By P. G. Konody.

Wind and Water. A "Country Life" collection of superb camera studies of yachts, seas, and weather, **25s. net.**

The Holy Cities of Arabia, by *Eldon Rutter.* **(Putnam. 15s. net.)**—This book is among the classics of Arabian life and scenes. It ranks with Doughty.

Arabia, by *H. St. J. B. Philby.* **(Benn. 18s. net.)**—A contribution to the Modern World Series, by the greatest living authority on his subject.

The Archæology of Roman Britain, by *R. G. Collingwood.* **(Methuen. 16s. net.)**—Simple, comprehensive and absorbing.

Messalina, by *H. Stadelmann.* **(Routledge. 15s. net.)**—If you like reading about bad women, here is one of the world's worst, with decadent Imperial Rome as a back-ground.

I was an Actor Once. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Robert Courtneidge's reminiscences.

The Secret Bird. (Chatto and Windus.)—A new novel by Daphne Muir, set in South Africa, of which she is one of the foremost novelists.

Marivosa, by *Baroness Orczy.* **(Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A new Orczyist hero operating breathlessly in Brazil.

Four Armourers, by *Francis Beeding.* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)**—Excellent mystery in Spain.

Alcyone, by *Eden Phillpotts.* **(Benn. 6s. net.)**—The story of an Athenian poet who married a wood nymph and found her tiresome.

The English Paragon. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)—A Marjorie Bowen historical romance of the last years of Edward Plantagenet.

But Not For Love, by *Beatrice Kean Seymour.* **(Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)**—This historian of domestic life at her best.

The Lucky Lawrences, by *Kathleen Norris.* **(Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A San Francisco story by a renowned pen.

Claudia, by *Arnold Zweig.* **(Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The author of *Sergeant Grishka* narrates the wooing of a shy scholar in modern Germany.

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PLAYS OF THE PASSING HOUR

"I AIN'T A MOIDERER": *The arrest of Frank (Mr. David Landau) to the sorrow of Rose (Miss Erin O'Brien-Moore) in "Street Scene," a white "Porgy," by Elmer Rice at the Globe Theatre*

Special "Sphere" Picture

"STREET SCENE": *A moment during the slice of many lives brilliantly portrayed by Mr. Elmer Rice at the Globe. Out of the window of the house to the left of the door hangs the Jewish Communist; slumped against the lintel, cigar in mouth, is the husband who shoots his wife. Between them are the children of a widow in the tenement, whose demand to go to the pictures forms a poignant* leit motif *in the play*

Special "Sphere" Picture

MASQUERADE IN "MASQUERADE": *Hannen S., Edgar W., and Charles B. C. (Messrs. Roberts, Kendall, and Smith) at the Cambridge*

JACK HULBERT FOLLOWS A STAR! *A moment during the huge success at the Winter Garden in which Miss Sophie Tucker ("Sophie, old top"), Mr. Jack Hulbert, and Mr. A. W. Baskcomb form a trio fit for the gods and beloved of the goats—and the stalls*

THE IRISH PLAYERS: *Miss Natatie Moya and Mr. Fred O'Donovan in "The Far Off Hills," by Lennox Robinson, at the Criterion Theatre. Miss Moya gives a performance worthy of the tradition created by Miss Maire O'Neill and Miss Sara Algood*

A RISING STAR IN THE WINTER GARDEN CONSTELLATION: *Miss Betty Davies as Merrie Boon in "Follow a Star"—the vehicle written round the world's worst conjuror, who comes into a baronetcy (A. W. Baskcomb), a charming young man (Jack Hulbert), and Miss Sophie Tucker (Miss Sophie Tucker)*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

PARIS CALLING

A Cocktail Causerie from Pleasure's Capital

By H. PEARL ADAM

ANOMALOUS.—The bottles of sunburn are being put away and the lily creams and snowdrop lotions are coming out. People have left off buying bathing-suits to stay out of the sea in and are concentrating on smart motors to go to the Motor Show in. That may not sound logical, the purpose of the Show being to sell cars, but then so much we do is not logical. I have noticed for several years that women put their best dresses on in order to go to a mannequin parade; perhaps because Fashion requires them to state at least once during each function of the sort, "My dear, I haven't a solitary rag to put on!" which of course draws attention to the creation they are actually wearing. The complexion of the moment is post-Biarritz tan or ex-Lido gold, a very delicate pair of shades suggesting that all that the sun did for you (aided by the oil with which you helped him out) is wistfully fading away before the native delicacy and sweetness of your own exquisite tint (12s. 6d. for a small box).

BRAVE WOMEN AND FAIR MEN.—The complexion of to-morrow, however, I am confidently told and hopefully relate, is to be just plain pink and white—the dear old Sweet Seventeen stunt, the Maiden's Blush business. Of course it goes with all those wraggly-taggly skirts and big brims, but what in the world will our lovely young men do who were very fond of copying That Schoolgirl Complexion when schoolgirls were wearing it dark brown or even rose-beige? London prides herself on being go-ahead, but she would probably kick a bit at the roses-and-cream young man. Even Montparnasse does not swallow him with complete ease. Perhaps this is why women are reviving the tints of the Early-Victorian damsel; it is their only means of getting away from masculine competition in—cheek.

VARIEGATED LOCKS.—As to hair, you can do exactly as you like; have it any of the colours there are in hair, and even strain them a bit in this or that direction. What is more, you can have it in two or more shades. A very pretty typist in the house opposite has just reminded me of this by yawning, using her lipstick, leaning her mirror on the typewriter for that purpose (it is just the hour when bosses go out to luncheon), and then projecting into the air of this stern-visaged street a head on which the hair is black at each side of the middle parting and is smoothed straight and flat for an inch or so there but breaks out all round to the lower ear-line into a series of bright gold waves of the shiniest description. She is an exaggerated but attractive example of the two-coloured process in heads which is obtaining just now. I trace the Sunburn Motif in this also. They are amusing times to live in, when we can be both a Dutch doll and a French doll with only one outfit of hair. And can buy that.

EAST AND WEST.—Foujita is displeased and Montparnasse trembles. When the East puts on its very best inscrutability (the East that comes to Montparnasse, of course), then watch your step. Kipling has made an Oriental cry: "O! beware the English when the English grow polite!" So would I counsel the Occidental, even the Far-Occidental from Utah or some place like that (if there are any), to go gently when the Oriental of the Fourteenth Arrondissement becomes definitely and photogenically inscrutable.

What has upset Foujita is the fact that while he was away visiting his country and his aged father a compatriot was having a good time in Montparnasse with the funds of a society of which Foujita is president and to which he had appointed the delinquent secretary. The Association of Japanese Artists is heavily subsidized by a rich Japanese, who fitted it out with very nice premises, including a decoration of paintings by the most highly-priced modern masters—Van Dongen, for instance. The secretary sold the Van Dongens also the nice furniture, and spent 50,000 francs of the Association's money. Then he went to Switzerland—that seeming advisable. Foujita's Japanese manservant was meanwhile razzle-dazzling with 10,000 francs of Foujita's and selling Foujita canvases at cut-prices as well. Quite enough to make anybody look inscrutable; but, while tendering one's sympathy, doesn't one rather hope an English artist in Tokio in Foujita's position, and suffering from two English thieves, wouldn't tell the story to Japanese journalists to be enjoyed by the Japanese public?

EAST AND WEST COLLABORATE: Foujita and Van Dongen, the two artistic "best sellers" of Paris, collaborated on the canvas seen above "for sweet charity." Foujita has been somewhat annoyed by a defaulting secretary and an embezzling valet—but did not preserve the traditional calm and silence of the Orient in face of his loss

THE EASTERN SOUL OF MONTPARNASSE.—Foujita lives in a delightful studio in one of the new streets created out beyond Montparnasse by making half a street, most of a pavement, a garden, a drain, two lamp-posts, a concierge, five cats, and a tame architect, melting them down over a clear fire, tossing them in butter till crisp, and then putting up first the rent and then some buildings. The decoration of the studio is entirely Foujita; most individual. There is himself in wax, and then there are photographs without number—also of himself. We owe a great deal to Foujita. He showed Deauville the very best male bathing-suits at last year's parade (did he tell his aged father this?) He also paints. Montparnasse is never itself when he is away from it. There are some who think this might be a change for the better, but those are only the few who do not like Montparnasse as it really is. All is well now, for he is there, and Van Dongen is back from looking quizzically at ladies on the Basque coast (the "artist's appraising eye" is always interesting), and we can settle down in comfort to the autumn, when dining in Montmartre is so nice and crowded and the masters sit outside cafés and discourse to an admiring circle. Almost Renaissance in its charm, except that perhaps Da Vinci and Raphael talked rather more about painting and a little less about other things.

"MADE IN CHINA."—There is one change in Paris, apart from its infinite variety, which is like any crowd, in that by always changing it remains ever the same (yes, I know it was said before—we'd all be Trappists if we mightn't repeat even ourselves, let alone other people—don't carp!). The Algerians, who sell carpets and bead necklaces and pearls that would give a Cingalese oyster nine forms of multi-coloured hysteria, have a new gadget. They have been selling Chinese fur rugs for some time, marked in Chinese.

Now the furs are marked "Made in China," in English. I don't know how fur is made, and, I never met a fox or a sable who could tell me, and my own black cat seems sworn to silence on the point; but this seems a sound tip: If you feel like buying your rugs outside a Paris café, or your coat-collars or wrap for your sister or Miss Prettyone (it is not a very sane state of mind, but it happens to people now and then), demand one that is marked only in Chinese. You will thus be sure of a pre-1930 product, the lady will think you wonderful, the price will be higher, *and*—think of this—all around will be much impressed. As for the man who really caught the rabbit in question, he is busy catching another for your successor, so it can't hurt him.

WEATHERED OAK

Possibilities for an Unusual Colour Scene

By VIOLET KING

Notwithstanding the many new coloured woods and fresh treatments of old, none is so popular at the moment as oak in its more or less natural state. This wood certainly gives opportunities for creating an unusual colour scheme.

In spite of the delicate colour of modern oak, it possesses solid qualities, and when soiled can easily be scrubbed and made to look fresh again. Pale-grey oak is one of the most beautiful colours in this wood, and as it has been bleached to get the silvery tone it should never be oiled, but polished now and again with a piece of rough canvas, using a little white wax. To merely wash it over and polish it is all the treatment necessary.

There is, of course, limed oak and weathered oak also. Bedrooms, dining-rooms, and halls in oak are delightful, and can be most decorative if the furniture is placed in its right setting, but this wood calls for a special kind of background and colours chosen carefully to add just the exact interest in colour. It is possible to get the smallest and daintiest pieces of furniture for boudoirs in oak.

A bedroom, with walls of palest green—and ceiling also—and carpet of pale stone colour, with perfectly plain weathered oak beds, dressing-table of modern design, chairs upholstered in a green to harmonize with the walls, woodwork of pale stone, and one has a distinctive room. The finishing touches of colour are in the bedspread of shot green and gold, and the fresh linen sheets and pillow-cases of pale green; in the oak candlesticks and green candles.

Some people prefer decorated oak beds, but this is merely a matter of personal taste, and oak is a wood of such beauty that it is better unadorned.

Refectory tables in limed oak are quaint for a modern dining-room. There is almost an old-world atmosphere about them though the treatment is modern. This style is suited to the town flat or the country cottage, the fabrics for curtains and loose covers being different. For country cottages, blue and white check linen is sometimes used for curtains, or the old-fashioned blue and white willow pattern fabric, which is inexpensive and, at the same time, effective. For town use shot artificial silk or slub rep is more in keeping, green and peacock blue or lilac and purple.

THE LACE MANTILLA: A remarkable photographic treatment of the mystery and allure of the traditional Spanish shawl, recorded by J. N. Doolittle in the London Salon of Photography, 1930

The WORLD of WOMEN—(cont.)

FEMININITY TRIUMPHANT

Fashion, Personality, and Photography

A REGAL EVENING MODE: An impressive toilette in gold brocade. The tight-fitting lines of the gown merge into the low flare edged with sable to match the elaborate trimming of the coatee, an integral part of the whole creation

THE PETROL QUEEN: Mme Alma Gartenberg, who holds, jointly with her husband, control of vast petrol interests in Austria, Hungary, and Czecho-Slovakia, and announced a drastic cut in rates in all brands of motor spirit controlled by her three days before the recent cut in England

Peter North

MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT: The talented actress who plays brilliantly the Bright Young Daughter of Mr. Ronald Squire in the new Somerset Maugham play, "The Breadwinner," at the Vaudeville

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

On Laughing in Company and the Ways of the New Generation—or the less New?

BY HENRY SHEREK

I have often wondered why people enjoy leaving the comfortable seclusion of their firesides to venture forth into a cold and unfriendly world to sit in uncomfortable seats in a theatre for the purpose of seeing a play, when they could read a good book at much less expense and allow their imaginations to picture the characters as they appear to them.

After they have finished reading the book, and it either thrills, interests, or amuses them sufficiently, they can read it a second time without spending another penny, and then lend it to their friends, never to see it again.

There may be people who like to give their imaginations a rest, and who laugh more readily when they hear other people laughing with them; if so, they will certainly enjoy *Leave it to Psmith*, by Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse, at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

I find the most amusing part of P. G. Wodehouse's works are the descriptions of the amazing types he invents—types which are happily, for our peace of mind's sake, few and far between in real life.

Obviously when the book is changed into a play these amusing descriptions disappear entirely, and the humour is confined to the extraordinary utterances of the mythical characters which appealed so much to us when we pictured them on reading Mr. Wodehouse's books, but which become ordinary-looking human beings on the stage.

The authors did not seem to have quite made up their minds whether the play was to be a comedy or a farce, as the action changes from one to the other with remarkable abandon, in fact some of the farcical situations are reminiscent of the throwing a custard pie and falling on your back business of the touring revue and pantomime.

The story is, of course, foolish, and it is never meant to be anything else.

Young Freddie Bosham is heir to an earldom, so feels it would be nice to stick labels on to jars of jam manufactured by his fiancée's father. To gain this privilege it is necessary for him to invest a small matter of £5,000 in the business. Being a gently-nurtured young man, he decides that the only decent thing to do is to steal a few family heirlooms, and employs a resplendently-tailored dandy named Psmith to do the dirty work. Unfortunately two crooks come to the house for the same purpose but with less lofty reasons. Needless to say, they are outwitted at the last moment by the monocled hero, and Freddie is left happy with his girl-friend in his arms and the pleasant prospect of an adhesive future.

Psmith also has his little romance in the shape—and a very pretty shape—of a young lady who has come to the house to catalogue the library. As she sinks into his arms at the end of the play, and the part is played by beautiful Jane Baxter, all the young men in the audience have probably written to the management hinting that they would play the part of Psmith without any remuneration whatsoever.

The rôle is effectively acted by Basil Foster, so their hopes are doomed.

I do not know where the management found the scenery, but they must have searched a long time before they found such uncommonly bad sets.

A very much more sophisticated comedy was launched at the Vaudeville Theatre the following evening by another well-known author, in this case none other than that master of stage technique, W. Somerset Maugham, who calls his latest work, *The Breadwinner*.

Mr. Maugham has forsaken the jungles of the Malay Peninsula for the more dangerous purlieus of Golder's Green.

The entire action takes place in one scene and is continuous. The characters resume each Act at a point reached a few minutes before the end of the previous Act.

It appears that the families of Battle and Granger practically live on each others' doorsteps.

Stockbroker Battle is Solicitor Granger's firmest friend in the City. Mrs. Battle and Mrs. Granger pour their innermost secrets into each other's ears; and each pair conveniently has a son and daughter ranging between the ages of seventeen and nineteen.

On the curtain rising, the young set are busily expounding the most extraordinary opinions of their respective, possibly respectable, but by no means respected parents. They calmly state that everybody over the age of forty should be exterminated, but they are sweet enough to hope that in the case of their parents it should be done fairly painlessly. They also express extreme boredom with the War generation who had bled to make the world safe for hypocrisy.

I feel that Mr. Maugham has made a mistake in his interpretation of the young mind, as even in Golder's Green I am sure that young people would not express such half-witted sentiments.

The children go off to play tennis, to my great relief, as their jabbering was beginning to get tiresome, and their mothers enter and carry on almost as foolish a conversation. Enter Granger senior in a great fluster with the news that the head of the Battle family would be hammered on the Stock Exchange unless he found a substantial sum of money, and that nobody had been able to find him all day.

Various theories are brought forward by his family as to what could have happened to him, of which suicide seems to be the most popular, in the middle of which he serenely wanders into the room. As this part is played by Ronald Squire, his entrance is urbanity in the extreme.

Although the chairman of his bank has given him a cheque to tide him over his difficulties and prevent his being hammered, he decides not to avail himself of the opportunity to continue to slave in the City for his loving family. He tells them that he is bored with them and states simply that he is going to leave them, to live on the Continent on £5 a week.

Neither the tears of his dull wife nor the hysteria of his insufferable son moves him one iota, although he is a little bit shaken when he finds that Mrs. Granger thinks that he is leaving because he loves her. He has no sooner got rid of her when the Granger *fille* startles him still further by calmly suggesting that she wanted to accompany him on his exile as his *mistress*. Although beautifully acted by Ronald Squire and Margaret Hood, I found this incident in bad taste, as listening to a child in her teens making wild overtures to a middle-aged man who has presumably known her since birth is anything but pleasant.

In spite of these flaws, *The Breadwinner* just misses being a very fine play. It is perfectly acted and immaculately produced by Athole Stewart.

Having seen Peggy Ashcroft act two intensely dramatic parts in period plays, it was strange to see her as a flippant flapper, but she had one serious scene which she played with great sympathy, whilst Marie Löhr and Dorothy Dix did all that was possible with the uninteresting rôles of the two mothers.

ST. PAUL TELLS HIS STORY: A scene in "The Passing of the Essenes," the dramatic extension of "The Brook Kerith," by George Moore

After these exhibitions of modernity, I found it a little difficult to attune my mind to life in the eighteenth century as shown in *Knave and Queen*, by Edwin Justus Mayer, at the Ambassadors Theatre.

Here again the entire action takes place in one scene, the living-room of the gaoler of Newgate Prison in 1745. His favourite guest is a Comte la Ruse who, although he is carrying on an *affaire du cœur* with the gaoler's pretty daughter, still seems to hanker after the freedom of the great world. A young poet imprisoned for debt is the latest guest of this strange hotel, and to make the Count jealous the gaoler's daughter, attractively named Laetitia, has a mild affair with him. He takes it seriously and gets knocked on the head by the gaoler for his trouble.

There is also a most venomous-looking scoundrel named Jonathan Wild the Great, a noted outlaw of the period, with Communistic principles, staying in the house, with nothing to look forward to but being hanged.

There are three Acts and the first two lack action. The third Act, however, is very strong, and might make the play a success.

The gallant Count had been very popular with the ladies during his freedom, and had become the father of a son by a woman whose husband appears on the scene for poisoning his wife, and la Ruse's child who would have succeeded to his title and estates. Knowing that he is the father of the boy, the husband takes malicious pleasure in telling him of his fell deed.

The Count had collected enough money to buy his liberty, but when he hears of the death of his son, gives the money to the poet and commits suicide, leaving the murderous peer as the sole surviving prisoner, Mr. Wild having been safely executed.

It was pleasant to welcome back Basil Sydney after a twelve years' absence in America.

His wife, Mary Ellis, played the part of the gaoler's daughter with great verve. She also showed she had a beautiful voice, although, unfortunately, she sang very little in the play.

All the other parts were well played, especially that of the poet by Robert Donet. I do not remember seeing this young actor before, but he should have a big future in dramatic rôles.

The Repertory Players put on an extraordinary play called *The Queen Bee* at the Savoy Theatre. It is adapted from the French, which explains a lot.

The main theme is the conversation by the victims of a woman's *amours* in a graveyard after they are dead. Each tells his story, and the scene is shown portraying how each died because of the same woman.

A young sailor shoots himself, her husband succumbs to an apoplectic fit because she returns to him after he thought she had departed, to his relief, with her lover: and the same lover dies for reasons best left unsaid.

Iris Hoey as the woman whose immorality is the cause of all the mortality, showed what a consummate actress she is, and Frederick Leister gave an amusing rendering of the part of the cynical husband.

THE COLLAPSE OF ST. PAUL: The moment when Saul of Tarsus faints after being confronted by the Saviour. This curious play by George Moore is presented at the Arts Theatre Club

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A CINEMATOGRAPHIC REVOLUTION

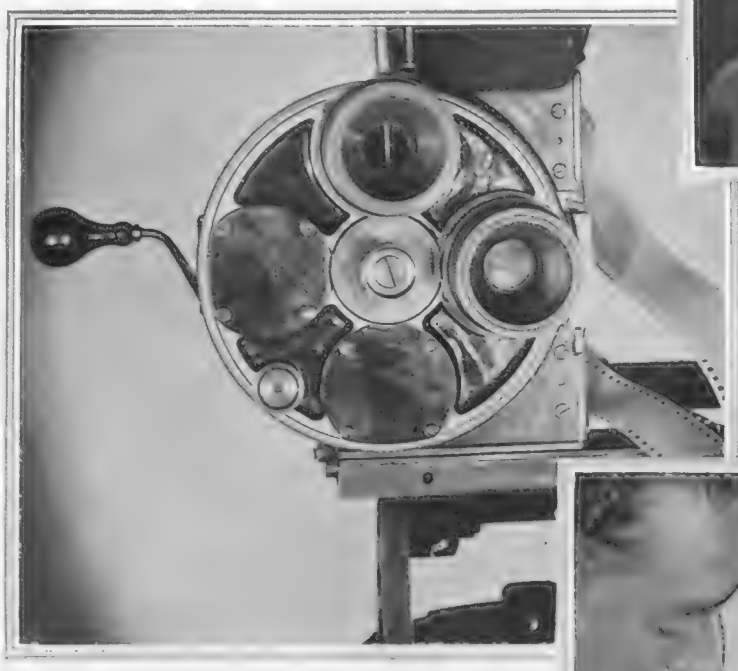
The New Colour Process Specially Illustrated for "The Sphere"

Colour effects on the screen were originally obtained by colouring the actual film which was run through the projector lantern. Crude dabs of colour were applied to each of the little positives of the film, a tedious business which did not achieve any real measure of success. Sometimes the whole film was dyed indigo-blue as a variation to the plain black-and-white of the ordinary film. Much more scientific methods have replaced these first crude efforts. The film itself remains black and white as before, but by passing the moving image through suitable colour filters a coloured result is obtained on the screen.

THE TURRET CAMERA: This particular type of cinematographic instrument has two lenses—an attachment which can be affixed to any modern movie camera

A TALKIE: A strip of negative with the sound track—the wavy lines—visible on the right-hand edge

The Raycol colour process as invented by Mr. R. S. Alldridge is a process of obtaining colour-films for projection by what is known as the "additive method," in which two pictures are superimposed upon the screen. Each of the two pictures is taken simultaneously within the space occupied by the ordinary black-and-white film through suitable composite colour-filters which, when combined, comprise as nearly as possible the whole of the spectrum. This system not only produces every half tone, but also any slight variation of any one colour.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE LENS: The "red" lens is on the right. Pictures are taken simultaneously by both lenses within the space occupied by ordinary black-and-white film

A COLOUR FILM: A strip of positive taken by the Raycol process. The way the "colour" comes out, even in black-and-white reproduction, is remarkable

The lens mechanism used in the taking of films is so designed that it can be fitted to any existing modern cinematograph camera, the only extra fitment when fitted to the turret type of camera being a mechanism for withdrawing the septum (which is necessary for the separation of the two images) so as to allow free rotation of the lens turret, the parallax correction mechanism being embodied in the lens mount itself. The bottom left-hand picture is a reproduction of a piece of negative with sound track—and is, by the way, taken from *The School for Scandal* film—in which can be clearly seen the difference in colour values of the filters used in taking. The negative stock used is exactly the same as used for the photographing of ordinary black-and-white films, viz., ordinary panchromatic stock—and it is developed in exactly the same way as ordinary black-and-white films, and therefore costs no more. Immediately above is a reproduction of a piece of positive film—also taken from *The School for Scandal* film—in which you can again see the difference in the colour values. This positive stock is exactly the same, and is developed and printed in exactly the same way as any ordinary black-and-white, therefore the cost of production is the same as that of black-and-white films. The method of projecting the Raycol colour films is simple inasmuch as it does not entail the alteration of or to any existing modern cinematograph projection machine other than changing the black-and-white lens to the compound lens of the Alldridge design, in which two lenses are used, their optical centres being of a slightly smaller separation than the standard separation between the two images on the film so as to superimpose the two images upon the screen. This separation must necessarily vary according to the distance from the projection machine to the screen. The compound lenses, when supplied, are fixed as regards separation and require no adjustment by the operator, as all corrections for parallax automatically take place in the camera when the film is actually being taken. In projection one lens is fitted with an optically worked pot glass red filter, the other being fitted with an optically worked glass plate for compensation only, this being the subject of the Raycol evokement patent.

THE INVENTOR: Mr. R. S. Alldridge, who has created what is termed "the additive method" of presenting colour films by which two pictures are simultaneously imposed on the screen

THE SEPTUM: The instrument which adjusts displacement of objects in the background which otherwise would not be synchronized

THE PARALLAX CORRECTOR: A mechanism which is a feature of the Raycol camera

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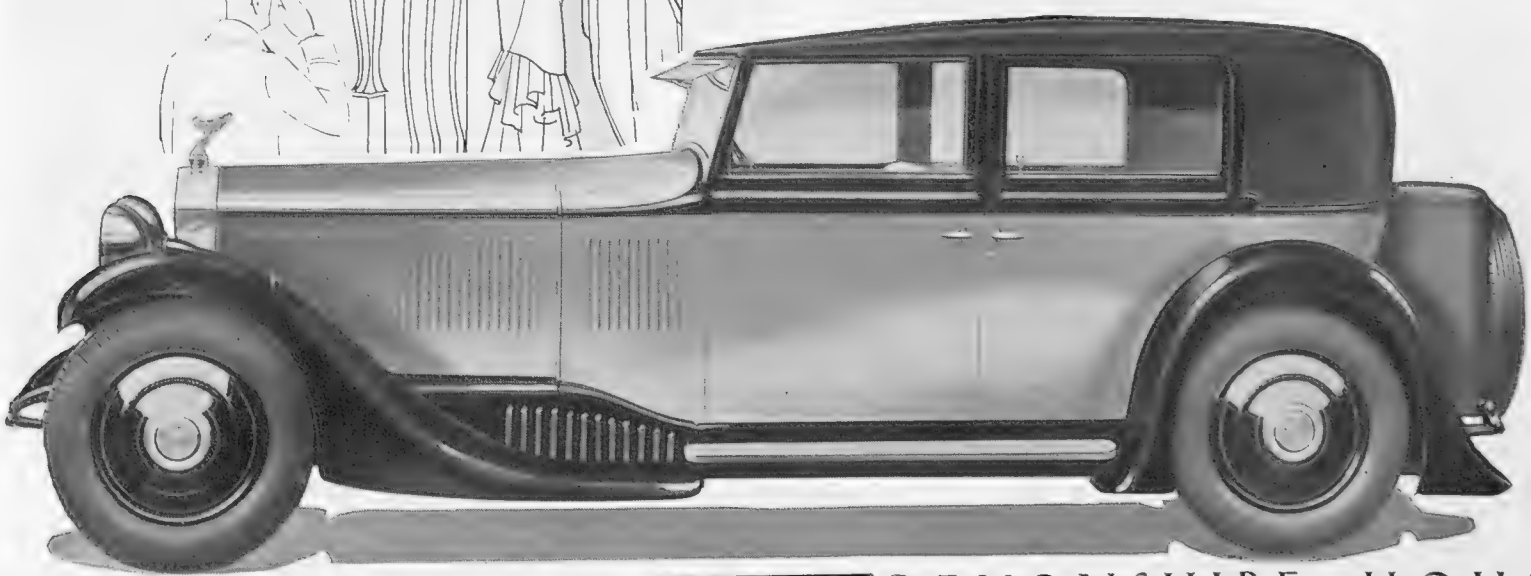

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The Petrol World

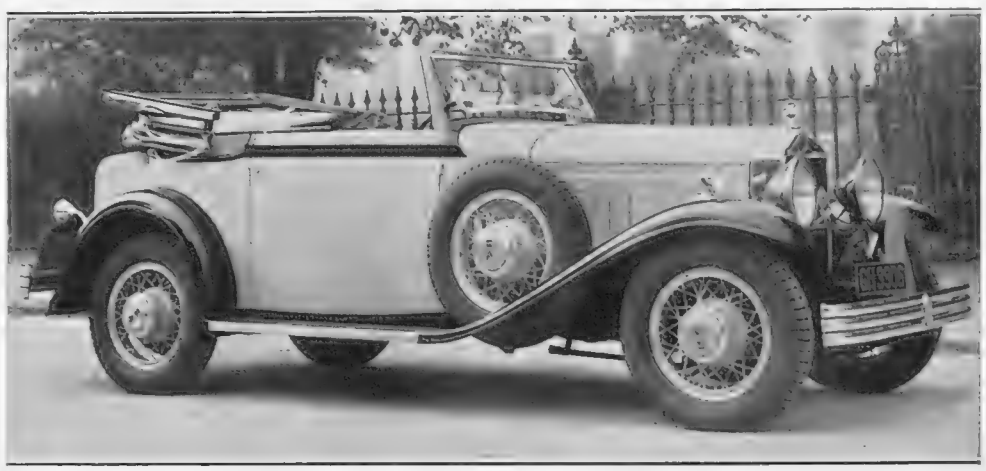
by A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands ; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE BIG PARADE.—On Thursday, October 16, the annual Motor Exhibition at Olympia will open, and what is probably the greatest motoring event of the year will commence. No matter what the calendar may say, the opening of the Motor Show marks the beginning of the Motorists' New Year. From Thursday, October 16, anyone owning a 1930 motor will no longer be in possession of the latest model. I am not forgetting that 1931 cars are now and for some weeks have been on sale, but the average motorist in possession of a 1930 model is still able to hold his head high and still look the world in the face as a proud possessor of "this year's car." Once the Show has started, however, his present car definitely becomes out of date. This is very sad indeed, and unless one desires to be looked upon as somewhat out of date, the sadness can only be removed by the expenditure of hard-earned cash.

The motor trade of this and other countries has grown up from its very earliest days as a year-loving organization. Every car that has been bought since cars were first manufactured is definitely dated, and I for one cannot see that the custom is ever likely to be dropped. If to-morrow I went out and bought a bicycle, a piano, or a sewing-machine, I would not ask for a 1930 or 1931 model, so why we should have to label our cars in this manner is difficult to understand. The custom has certain great advantages, but it cannot be denied that it has certain balancing disadvantages.

So far as the trade itself is concerned, the holding of an annual exhibition, which more or less necessitates the dating of cars, prompts people to purchase. Any motorist who makes the annual pilgrimage to Olympia finds it very difficult to leave that hall of glittering lights without being full of the desire to purchase a new car. If finance permits, the visitor usually falls a victim, and so the motor trade and the individual benefits. Again, the dating of cars is a direct and potent incentive to the manufacturer. He feels, as each Show comes round, more or less bound to introduce improvements and, if possible, to effect economies in production so that he may cut his prices. Design in these circumstances is never likely to stagnate, but if cars were sold like bicycles, pianos, or sewing-machines, we should certainly run the risk of seeing the same old models dished out to us year after year with all their imperfections carried forward. There are many other benefits derived from the custom, but enough has been said to show the gains.



For a Client "Down Under": A 27-h.p. Willys-Knight sleeve-valve Six coupé, with a specially-built camping body, supplied to the order of an Australian client. The front seat is designed to fall back on to special brackets level with the rear seat, thus providing a comfortable bed

IS A SHOW DESIRABLE ?—On the other side of the balance-sheet the custom undoubtedly turns the trade into a seasonal one, and the holding of the Exhibition in October reduces the period in which people buy cars almost to a few months. People who have studied the motor trade closely and who advocate the abolition of the motor shows and the dropping of date as applied to cars, assert that without these handicaps the public, though they might not buy more cars, would have the same number, but would definitely space their purchases out more evenly instead of giving a rush of orders during a few months of the year, thus causing congestion and all sorts of other troubles.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders Ltd., who organize the Show at Olympia consider that an annual Exhibition is desirable. They derive an immense revenue therefrom, but I do not think anyone grudges them whatever they are able to collect, firstly, because the organization is absolutely a model of efficiency, and secondly, the revenue is all used for good purposes which benefit the trade and in turn the general public. The society is a body that is representative of every branch of the motor trade, and we must therefore assume that what it says as a body is what the many and varied interests in the motor trade desire.

Olympia this year will be just as interesting as ever, and even if the attendance figures do not prove to be quite so satisfactory as in 1929, that will not be any proof that the general public will buy fewer cars during the next twelve months than they did in the past year. It will only indicate that the sight-seeing section of the public prefers to spend some of its money in ice-skating or going to the talkies ; but I can guarantee that so far as the buying public is concerned we shall have more of them passing through the turnstiles on October 16 and the days following than on any previous occasion. That is a fairly safe prophecy to make because the number of motorists grows every year, and there never was any danger of the older drivers ceasing to attend.

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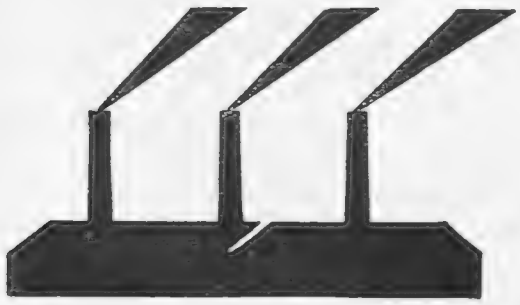

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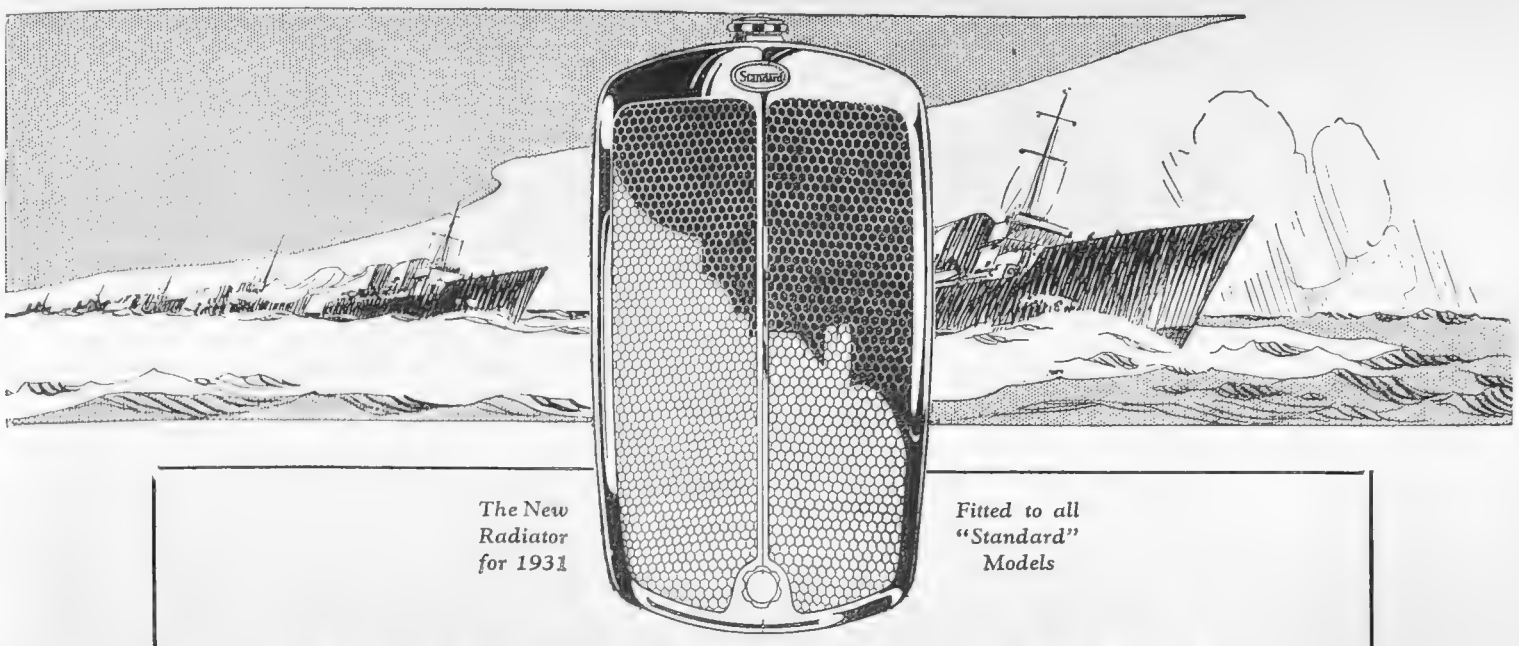

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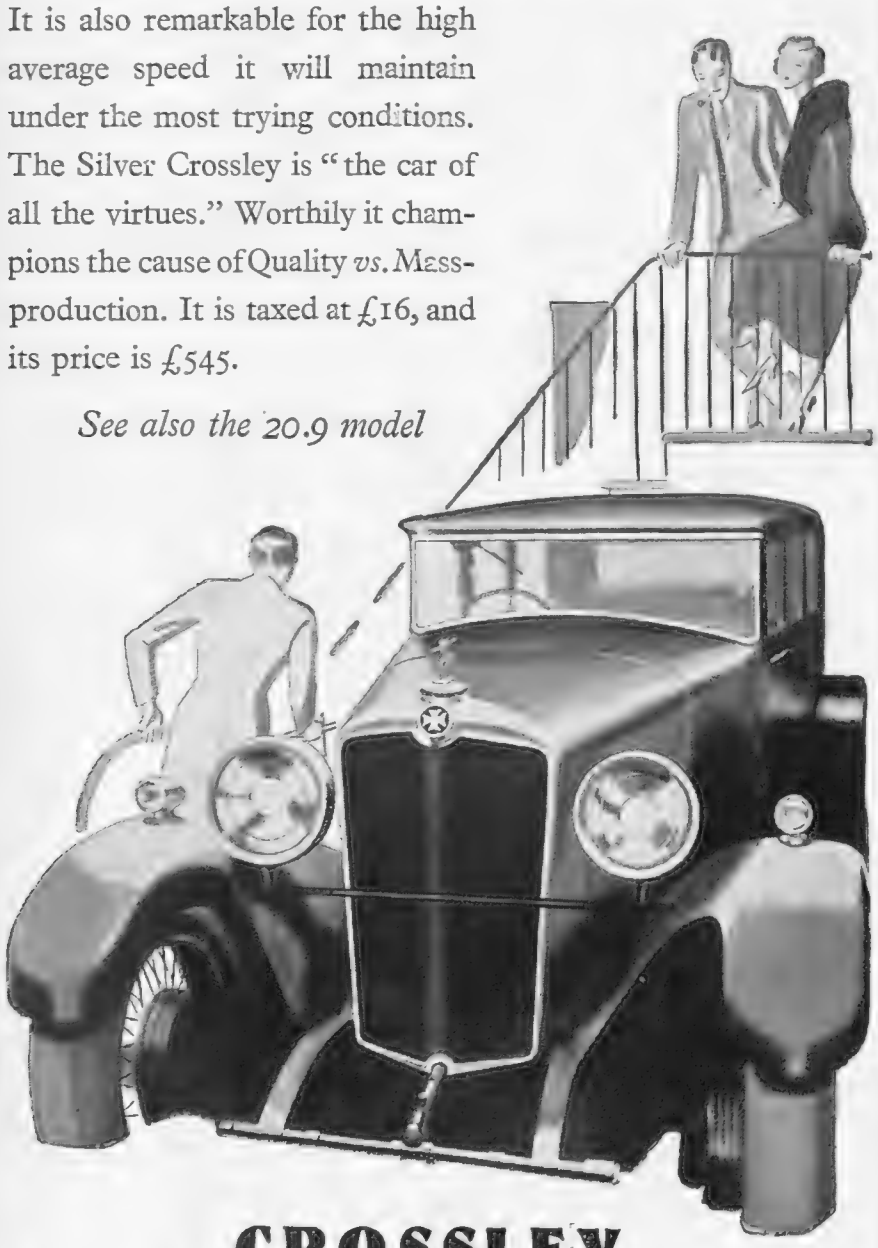
See also the 20.9 model



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The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from p. 80*)

THOUSANDS OF OWNERS-TO-BE.—It is regrettable, but nevertheless true, that far too large a proportion of the people who visit Olympia each year waste their time by just walking round the various stands and casting a glance on this or that exhibit. Those who are not desirous of purchasing a new car may, of course, find that an entertaining way of spending a few hours, but from overhearing conversations and making observations during past years I have noticed many people walking about in this aimless fashion who really intended spending some money on a new car. This year the number of people going to Olympia to buy their first car and the number of people who will attend in order to discover if there is any new model which they would prefer to their old one will certainly run into tens of thousands. I feel certain that I can be of some material assistance to those sections of the public. Before October 16 comes round they should definitely settle the amount of money they are prepared to spend, and in this connection it should always be remembered that any make of motor-car can be purchased on the hire-purchase system. Having fixed the financial limit, they should consult the family, particularly the ladies, and place before them a list of the cars that come within their means. By a process of simple elimination the choice can be narrowed down to quite a few makes. If the purchaser possesses a fair amount of technical knowledge, preferably derived from practical experience, he or she can set out on the task of selection unaided. The new motorist, however, will be well advised to consult some knowledgeable friend, always being careful that the individual possesses some useful knowledge. If such assistance is not to hand, then a well-known local motor agent should be consulted. Armed with a list of "probables," the visit to Olympia can then be undertaken. At the end of each aisle will be found the name of the exhibitors, and the stands on which the selected cars are shown can then be examined in some kind of order. Carrying out this simple system is far more likely to result in a satisfactory purchase than just flitting about the Hall and probably missing many of the cars on view. Purchasers should also remember that many a car that looks a picture in the frame of Olympia is not so entrancing when tried on the road. No car should, therefore, be bought until an actual test is carried out, for all makers have facilities at Olympia for giving such demonstrations, and advantage should be taken of the opportunity.

COMMON-SENSE BUYING.—Not many years ago there were good cars and bad cars, but to-day it is fairly safe to say that there are none of the latter. All cars will give good service to-day and can be depended upon to prove reliable, but there is no disguising the fact that some are much better bargains than others. Then again the seating accommodation, which is really quite an important point in these days, varies considerably. This particular point is one that is easily investigated, and therefore a prospective purchaser should try the cars on view. Do not be satisfied with just sitting in the driver's seat because there are very few journeys when the car will be taken out solo, and the comfort of one's companions is obviously important. Do not buy a two-seater if a four-seater is required. An open tourer should not be purchased if a saloon is wanted. Far too many people hanker after speed, and in so doing completely forget that the only thing that matters under present traffic conditions is acceleration. A car that will do 80 m.p.h. so as very nice and thrilling, but I doubt if its capabilities in this direction can be utilized for more than a minute in an average day's run. On the other hand acceleration, which some people confuse with speed, is wanted every few minutes. For this reason if I were taking a demonstration run I think I would prefer to have it through the traffic in London rather than along the Kingston by-pass. Coupled with acceleration is the power of the brakes, because without the means of stopping quickly good acceleration is almost useless. Be certain, therefore, when having a trial run to ask the driver to show the car's ability to get away quickly and to stop instantly.

Popularity: Miss Jeanne de Casalis, the well-known actress, with her new Humber Snipe fabric saloon, recently supplied to her by Warwick Wright, Ltd.

A NEW TRIUMPH.—This week I am able to give details of some further car programmes for 1931. One of the most interesting of the newcomers is the 11.8-h.p. six-cylinder Triumph Scorpion. The intention of the makers is that this new model should occupy

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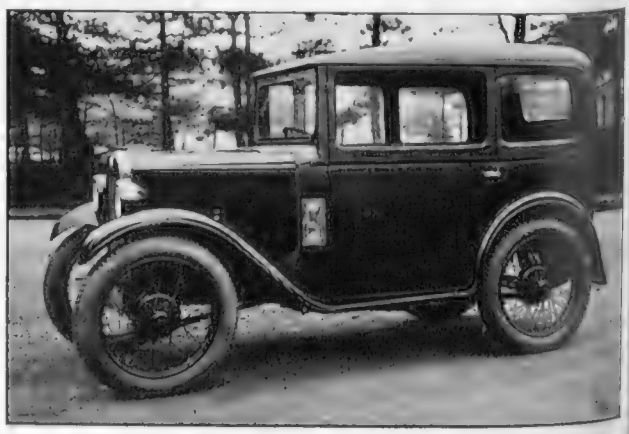

In its New Guise: The Austin Seven, which has earned a world-reputation for its remarkable performance, fitted with the new standard fabric body

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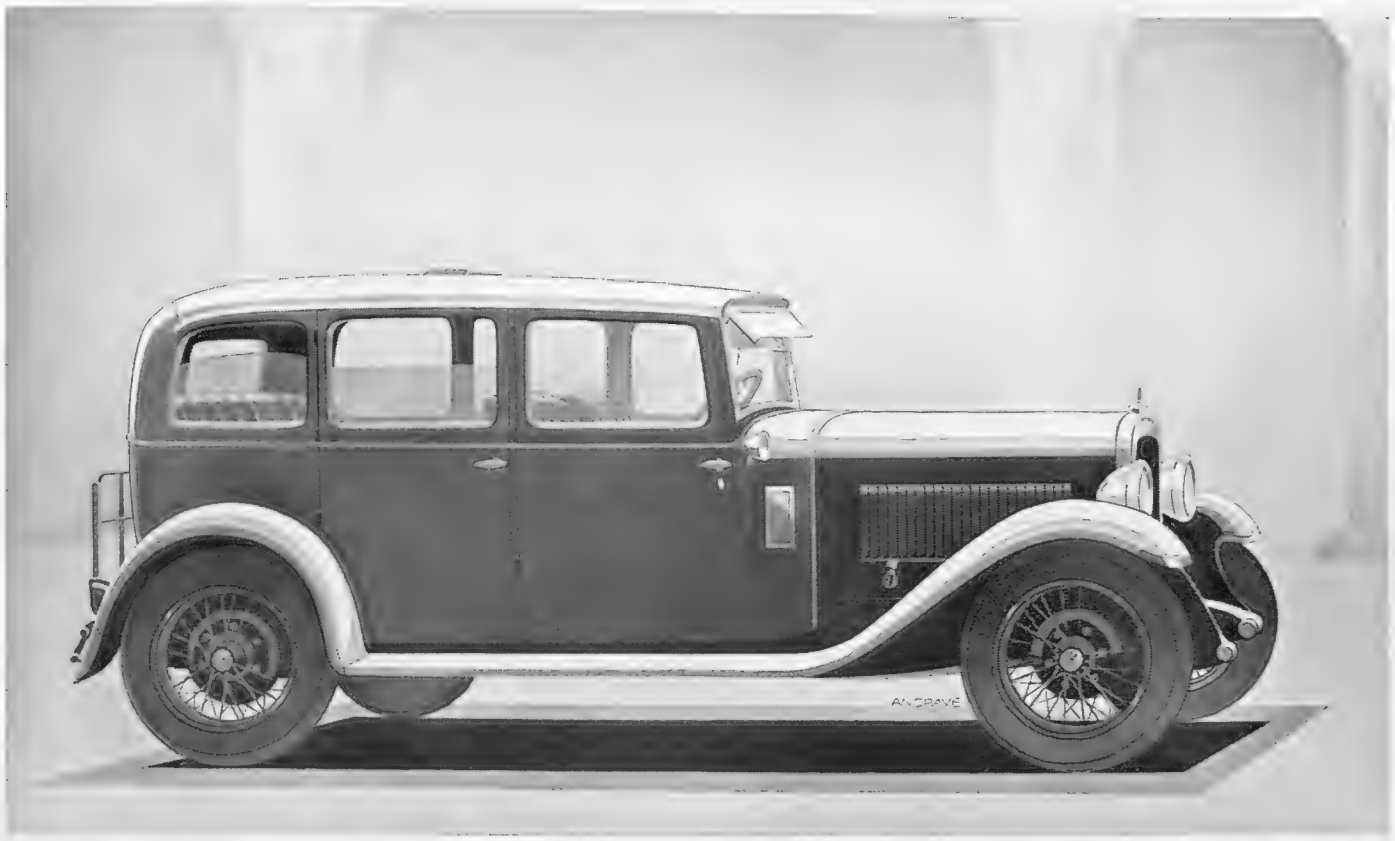

The 'Sixteen' Burnham Saloon

Forty Pounds Less—Yet Greater in Beauty More Lavishly Equipped, More Thoroughly Dependable than ever.

Austin does not aim to build cheap cars. Yet the price reductions on the Austin 'Sixteen' are remarkable.

Especially is this apparent when you examine the great advances in coachwork. These are the outstanding features of the coming season's models. Without sacrificing headroom a lower and more graceful roof line has been achieved. Windscreens are sloping. Bonnets longer, scuttles shorter. The interiors are unusually interesting—even elaborate. Rear seats are fitted with a centre folding arm-rest. Folding tables and foot-rests are neatly fitted in the back of the front seats. As previously, chromium plating, Triplex glass, Dunlop tyres are standard. In short, the bodies—while arresting in line and beauty—are not designed for appearance alone, but for maximum comfort and riding ease.

Consider these advancements . . . consider them in conjuction with Austin's outstanding dependability. Then for cars of quality—consider the price! Examine these cars at Olympia, Stand No. 85.

The luxuriously equipped interior. Note the tea-tables and foot-rests fitted into the backs of the front seats.

OLYMPIA
STAND No. 85

PRICES OF 'SIXTEEN' MODELS

Coachbuilt Burnham Saloon	£335
Salisbury Fabric Saloon (six-window)	£335
Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon (four-window)	£335
New Open Road Tourer	£310
Harrow 2-Seater	£310

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AUSTIN

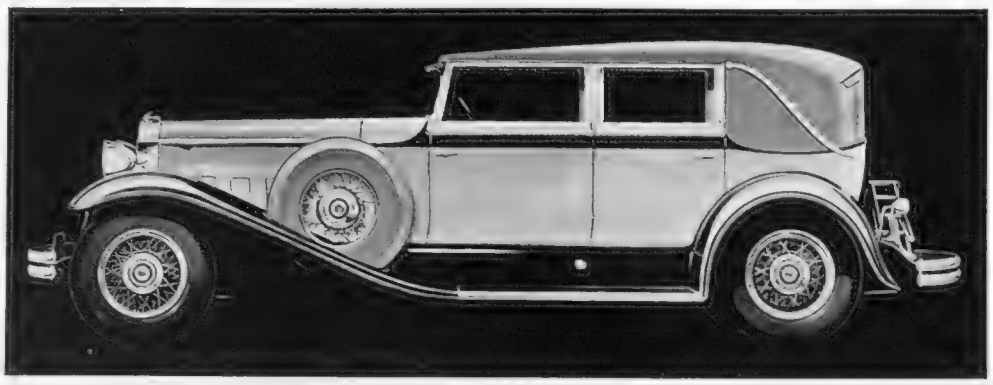
The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1
Showrooms & Service Station : Holland Park Hall, W.11

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from page 82)

the same position in its particular market as the Triumph Super Seven did, and still does, in the so-called Baby class. The Scorpion is a luxury Light Six, and although small as regards engine size it is quite a roomy car from the occupants' standpoint. It is not only luxurious on account of its fittings but also as regards its performance. The makers claim that on its top gear speeds ranging from 3 to 70 m.p.h. are obtainable, that petrol consumption works out at 35 to 40 m.p.g., and that acceleration is quite out of the ordinary. It sells at £237 10s. The cubic capacity of the engine, which has side-by-side valves, is 1,202 cubic centimetres. The pistons are of aluminium alloy and the connecting-rods are made of duralumin. Ignition is by coil and battery, and pressure feed lubrication is employed. The gear-box is built as a unit with the engine, and provides three speeds forward and a reverse. Between the gear-box and the engine is placed a single-plate clutch, and the drive is taken from the former to an underslung worm-driven axle by an open propeller-shaft fitted with metal universal joints. Lockheed hydraulic brakes are in the specification, so that even from these few particulars it will be seen that the chassis is enticing. The car is sold in a standard form as a four-seater coachbuilt saloon with two very wide doors hinged at the front. The body specification also includes a single-piece windscreen, safety-glass all round, luggage container at the rear of the body, pneumatic upholstery, leather-covered seats, and sliding roof.



An American Masterpiece: One of the new Packard Eights which will be on view at this year's Olympia Show. The model illustrated above is the 4–5 seater cabriolet

The Healthiest of Holidays is spent on the water. No finer craft could be devised for this purpose than the Thornycroft cabin cruiser shown above

THE VAUXHALL CADET.—Another new car which has just been announced is the Vauxhall Cadet. The engine boasts of six cylinders, overhead valves, and is rated at 17 h.p. For the overseas market a higher-powered engine rated at 26 h.p. is available. The manufacturers claim this is the first instance where a car made in this country is offered as a production job with a larger engine for the overseas market. The specification of the car includes four-wheel servo-assisted brakes, cam and lever type steering, bi-focal dipping beam headlights, and leather-upholstered coachwork. The car has the usual smart Vauxhall appearance and is offered for sale with various types of coachwork, including a sportman's Coupé, a roomy Saloon, five-seater Tourer, a four-light Coupé, and a two-seater with a pronounced sporting appearance. The prices vary from £275 to £298.

The Vauxhall 20/60 "T" model, which has become well known at home and abroad, has been greatly improved and will now be known as the Vauxhall Eighty. In outward appearance the new larger Vauxhall is practically unchanged. On the chassis the outstanding improvement is a larger power unit, the bore of the cylinders having been increased from 75 to 80 mm. Naturally with more power available the transmission system has been strengthened throughout. The valve-gear has been improved, the valves having now a greater diameter. The actuating mechanism has been lightened, thus allowing higher engine revolutions with quieter operation. The timing gear has been altered considerably, and in its re-designed form should be far more lasting than that on the old "T" model. The cooling system has a new four-bladed fan and the radiator has been made far more efficient. Various other minor improvements have been carried out, making the new Eighty a real car of super performance. Prices have been definitely reduced so that the value for money is greater than ever.

BUILT LIKE AN AIRSHIP.—The new Burney stream-line car which was recently put into production has caused quite a sensation in motoring circles. Its unusual appearance naturally draws attention to it wherever it goes. It is a complete break away from accepted practice, and naturally when any manufacturer is brave and enterprising enough to carry out such a bold policy the critics are apt to pour ridicule on the newcomer. Fortunately for this car its designer is not a dreamer but a man with a vast amount of practical experience and success behind him. His entry into the car world will be welcomed by those who consider that fresh blood of the right kind

(Continued on following page)

FEATURES OF THE NEW FORD CAR

Low first cost.
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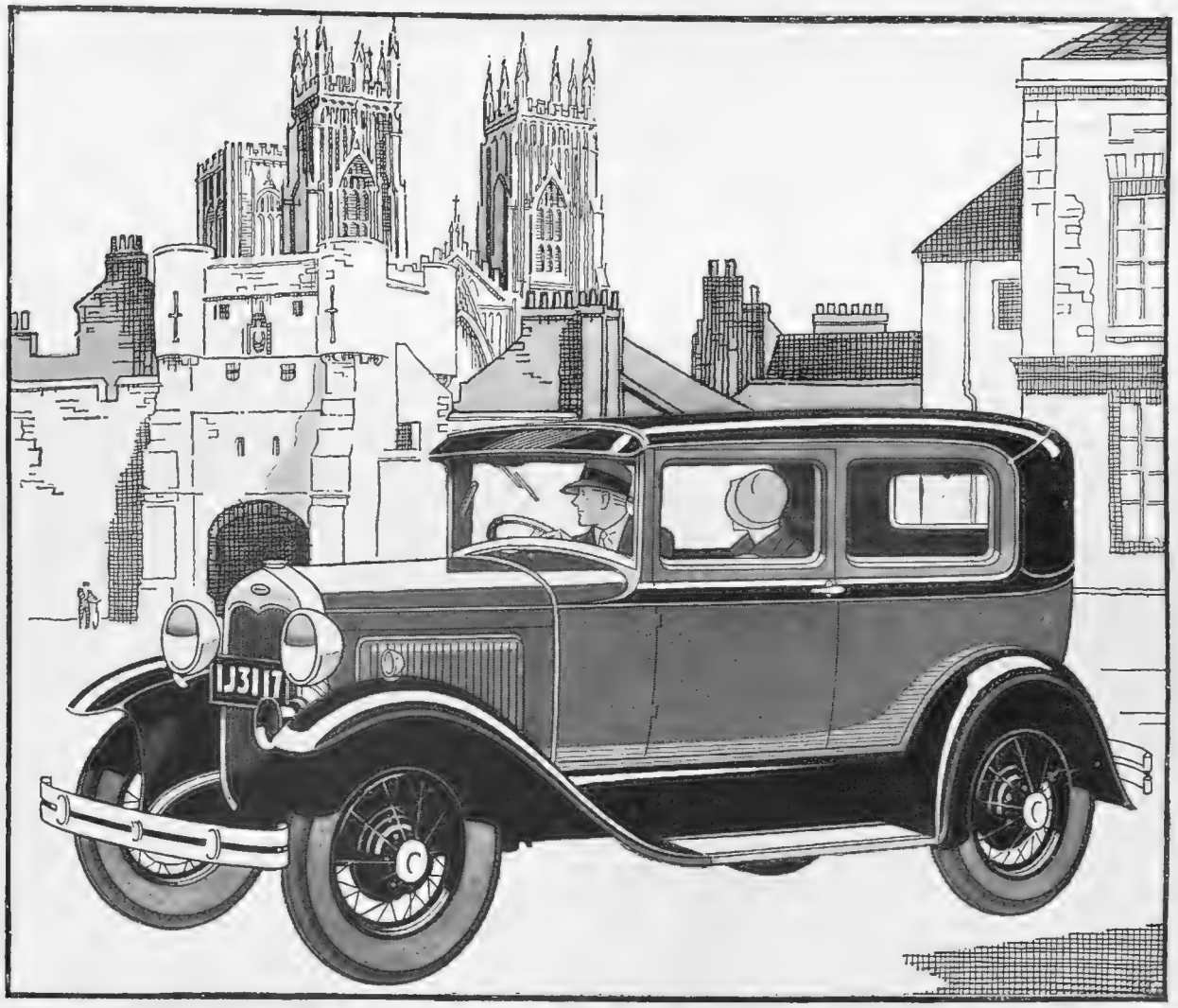

NEW FORD TUDOR SALOON AT YORK MINSTER SHOWING THE OLD CITY GATE, THE BOOTHAM BAR

"I bought my Ford Car on the recommendation of a friend"

"FRIENDS' RECOMMENDATION" stands first on the list of reasons why so many people are owning New Ford Cars. That faith of its owners—revealed by a recent enquiry—is one of the proudest possessions of the New British Ford—the new car supplied to the British Isles from the busy Ford Works at Manchester.

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You will be particularly interested in the moderate cost of this superior transportation. Low first cost because of Ford methods. Low insurance, because the Ford lasts so well. Low upkeep costs because of economical Ford facilities.

When you examine a New Ford you will note its pleasing appearance. Graceful low streamlines. Pleasing and durable pyroxylin finish. Attractive upholstery. The lasting lustre of rustless steel bright parts.

A New British Ford car is not beyond your means. Only £50 down secures immediate delivery, all charges included. Enquire to-day at your nearest Ford dealer.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, London and Manchester

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from page 84*)

can do nothing but good to the trade as a whole. No one is surprised that his car, bearing in mind that he is the designer of the airship *R 100*, is built so that little or no power is lost through wind-resistance.

As its name implies, it is stream-lined in form; that is probably its greatest novelty, and the second most important feature is the position of the engine behind the back axle. The power unit has not been placed there just in order to be different but with the definite object of giving greater body space, obtaining better weight distribution, better suspension, and less noise. Having built the car in stream-line form, the makers claim that it is very economical to run, and as we all realize what an immense proportion of the power of our engines is wasted in overcoming wind-resistance, it is not difficult to understand that a car of this shape must be more economical. Last week I had an opportunity of inspecting and driving the car myself. At first it appeared somewhat strange to sit in the driver's seat and see no bonnet in front, but after five minutes at the wheel the strangeness wore off and I began to feel quite at home. The controls are just the same as on an ordinary car, but I made particular note of the fact that the steering column was adjustable from the driver's seat by merely turning an accessible disc. On the day in question I was treated to one of those real 1930 wet days, and it was with just a little nervousness that I took the car on Brooklands track to see what it could do. The engine is an eight-cylinder Beverley Barns of just under 3 litres in capacity. Before very long, with a load of passengers, so that we were four in all, we were travelling at 75 m.p.h. Although the car was strange to me and the track was as wet as it could be, there was not the slightest tendency for it to deviate from its path.

For Touring Abroad: An interesting Rolls-Royce car with coachwork of a new design, known as the Rolls-Royce Phantom II Continental touring saloon. This car is built to average high speeds over long distances irrespective of road surface

WONDERFUL SUSPENSION.—I was greatly impressed with its smoothness and quietness, and I was literally astounded to find that it was as comfortable at this speed on the track as most cars would be at 20 m.p.h. on a billiards-table. Unless shock-absorbers are fitted, and these are tightened up very considerably, a car usually bounces and tail-wags badly when going round the track at speed, but the Burney car had no shock-absorbers fitted to the back axle and those in front were so slack as to be practically useless. It would appear, therefore, to me that the designer has succeeded in producing a car which has really supple springs and yet does not bounce or roll. It literally laughed at the test hill, and later on I tried the back seats going over an unusually rough road. Here I was even more comfortable than in front. Even if the older manufacturers are not too pleased at the advent of a newcomer, I am sure they will agree with me that this new production is built on sound lines and will supply much food for thought amongst the designers in the motor industry.

In appearance it looks like a car of 1940, and it is, therefore, breaking fresh ground. I know ridicule will be heaped upon it, but if it is right, and I think it is, it will eventually prove a winner, provided those backing it have the courage of their convictions. They should remember that when Sir Herbert Austin first introduced the Austin Seven ridicule was heaped on his efforts not only by the public but by his own staff. We all know what the result was, but we also cannot forget that many other unorthodox ventures in the motor world have not survived their first year. The reason in many cases was that the manufacturers concerned either had not sufficient financial backing or became frightened because the cars did not meet with immediate success.

THE ACID TEST.—The average owner-driver is critical enough when it comes to choosing a new car; but quite the hardest man to please must surely be the racing motorist, who is accustomed to those tuned to give the last ounce of power and kept in faultless condition by a team of devoted mechanics. Mr. Kaye Don has just ordered a Snipe sports saloon from the Humber Company, and coming as it does from one of our foremost racing motorists, this order is indeed a striking tribute to the excellence of Humber cars, especially as the ordinary standard model (except for the make of tyres and a special colour scheme) has been specified. Had he only himself to consider Mr. Kaye Don might quite probably have paid less attention to the car's colouring. Now, of course, the car he chooses must find favour in the eyes of the future Mrs. Don, and the rather striking combination of light and dark beige for the bodywork suggests a woman's flair for novel colour effects.

MORE AND CHEAPER CITROËNS.—The co-operation of between 400–500 All-British suppliers of component parts has enabled the Citroën Company of Slough, Buckinghamshire, to offer their cars for the coming season at extraordinarily low prices. The Citroën Works at Slough were opened nearly five years ago, and since that time have been turning out cars in considerable quantity by modern quantity-production methods, facilitated by some of the most modern machinery in the world.

7-10 *11-12* *13-14* *15* *16* *17-19* *20* *21-24* *25-29* *30-50*

HORSE POWER

Which do you Own—Which would you Buy?

What are the advantages—the disadvantages, in relation to present day trend in design, performance, upkeep, etc.? These and many other considerations which come to the forefront as the Motor Show approaches year by year, have prompted

MR. A. PERCY BRADLEY, A.M.I.Mech.E., M.I.A.E.,

(Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere" and Clerk of the Course at Brooklands), to write his full annual survey of the Motor Show.

Mr. Bradley's article, which will be fully illustrated, will appear in next week's issue (October 18).

The opinions of Mr. Bradley are respected the world over for their well-founded good judgment in motor car matters.

If you are a regular reader of

THE SPHERE

you will enjoy this informative article, commissioned for your especial guidance and information during the Motor Show.

Be Sure your Copy of Next Week's Issue (October 18) is "On Order"

WILLS'S

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THE VALUE IS IN THE CIGARETTES

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The SPHERE of TRAVEL

ANTIQUITY the ELIXIR of YOUTH

Ancient Egypt and the Sudan as a Holiday Field

If anyone asked me where I would like to go for a holiday I think I would without hesitation choose Egypt and the Sudan.

An ideal holiday this, a holiday one can look back on when rain and fog darken the skies, on days when one feels crushed and hopeless, irritated by petty troubles, by the monotony of work, and the futile struggle of existence. A holiday that has moreover the supreme and inestimable advantage of being cheap! For now, thanks to the Tourist Development Association of Egypt, one can, between November 1 and January 15, have twenty-eight days of luxurious travel for £73 10s., or thirty-five days for £82 10s. only. This includes 1st-class railway fare, meals in restaurant cars and Pullman saloons, single-bedded compartments in wagon-lits, 1st-class sea passages, and a stay at all the leading hotels. Cheaper tickets for 2nd-class accommodation are also available, and Nile trips can be arranged in conjunction with the above. All this can be done through the Egypt Travel Bureau at 60, Regent Street, and their newly-published booklet, *Egypt and the Sudan*, gives one a wealth of information and provides one with all the details necessary regarding travel and accommodation, amusements, and sight-seeing.

There are many ways of going to Egypt. One can go by Imperial Airways from London to Alexandria, via Cologne, Nurnberg, Vienna, Budapest, Usknb, Salonika, and Athens, the journey taking in all three days.

One can go by the overland route by International Sleeping Car from London to Cairo via Paris, Trieste, Belgrade, Constantinople, Aleppo, and Haifa! One can go by P. and O. from Southampton, by the Cunard Line or the White Star Line, also by the Bibby Line sailing every other Friday from Liverpool. This line was founded by John Bibby in 1807, and at that time consisted only of a small fleet of sailing vessels, but nowadays there are luxurious steamers, equipped with every modern device for safety and comfort, doing the journey from Liverpool to Port Said in twelve to thirteen days.

No visit to Egypt would be complete without a stay in Alexandria, the city founded by Alexander the Great in 332 B.C. Famous as the centre of science and art and learning, Alexandria under the Ptolemies was one of the most beautiful cities of the world. Here Euclid founded the School of Mathematics, and later on, after the Roman Conquest, it was the seat of the famous School of Philosophy. Nothing remains now of the magnificent library, the many beautiful palaces and temples, but the Pillar of Pompey has been a landmark for sailors during countless years: there is also a beautiful museum of Græco-Roman Antiquities, and the Magic Mummy which is said to bring luck to all who touch it.

From Alexandria to Cairo is an easy journey in a comfortable train, and here in the city of sunshine and light every nationality meets, every language in the world is heard. Wanderers from every part of the globe come here, East and West mingle, meet and pass on to their various destinations. Invalids in search of health come here, journalists and novelists in search of copy, Archæologists studying the amazing monuments of antiquity, historians studying the past, politicians studying the present situation, soldiers and sailors on their way out farther East, on their way home on leave, gamblers, fortune hunters, adventurers, ardent tourists from America, gay pleasure-seekers in search of some new amusement.

All these mingle with the crowd in the narrow tortuous streets of the old city, jostling the cloaked figures of Arabs and Bedouins from the desert, passing the dragomans in their brilliant robes, the grave-faced Egyptian students, the Jews, the Persians, the Turks. Beggars cry for alms, vendors of carpets and beads ply their wares, paper-boys scream the latest item of news in shrill voices. And over it all are the soaring minarets of the mosques, the sunshine, and the blue skies, the smell of the East which, once one has had it in one's nostrils, remains with one an ineffaceable memory, a memory which will come

A PIGEON HOUSE OF UPPER EGYPT: In this district pigeons are bred in large numbers in every village for their guano, and special lofts are to be found in almost all villages—being generally the smartest buildings in the settlements

back to one sometimes with a sudden sharp intensity making one ache with a homesick longing, tugging at one's heart-strings, calling one with an urgent importunate insistence, bidding one go and pack one's trunk and book one's passage and set sail for the glamour and magic of far-off lands.

In Cairo there is interest and amusement for all. For the sightseers there is of course the undying wonder of the Pyramids, and the Sphinx, there is the ancient Mosque of Amru, the Mosque of El Hankin, the Mosque covered with blue tiles, the ancient citadel built by Saladin in 1166, the old Coptic churches, the tombs of the Caliphs outside the walls. And there are countless excursions to be made from Cairo. One can go by car to Mena House on the fringe of the desert, see the Pyramids by moonlight and come back with the early dawn breaking over the city, and the voice of the muezzin calling with an incredible sweetness from some high minaret half lost in the pearl-coloured mists of morning.

But if one has time, the most perfect thing of all is to board one of the new luxurious steamers and make the unforgettable, unrivalled journey down the Nile. These steamers sail every morning from the landing-stage of Thomas Cook and Sons, and stop soon after lunch at Bedrechen, from where one can make the trip to the ruins of Memphis. Continuing the journey between the ever-changing banks one passes the rock tombs near Beni Hassan, the Temple of Dendera, dedicated to Hathor the Egyptian Venus, and reaches Luxor on the seventh day. Here a halt of three days is made, and one can visit the luxurious Winter Palace Hotel or The Luxor Hotel, famous for its comfort and modern equipment, and from here excursions can be made to the ruins of Thebes, the tombs of the Kings and the Temples at Karnak, especially the Temple of Amen which is considered one of the wonders of the world.

Leaving Luxor on the eleventh day the steamer passes the Temple of Horus, almost perfectly preserved, and the Temple of Komombo with its two shrines, one dedicated to Sebek, the god of Evil, the other to Amen, the god of Light. On the thirteenth day Assuan is reached. Here is the magnificent new Cataract Hotel, also the Savoy Hotel, and the Grand. Every kind of sport can be had here, and expeditions can be made to the Great Dam, to the lovely, half submerged temple on the island of Philæ, to Nubia, and the gigantic Temple of Abu Simbel.

From here, too, one can take a smaller steamer and go on to Halfa, the first British post in the Sudan, or going to Wadi Halfa one can board the Desert Mail, the luxury express train to Khartum. Certainly the Sudan ought to be visited, for here is a country not so Westernized as Upper Egypt and holding great possibilities for the future. Situated a thousand feet above sea level, Khartum has a marvellous climate, and the stretches of the Blue and the White Nile and the eastern flank of the great Sahara desert give it a beauty all its own. The Grand Hotel possesses every modern luxury and comfort; every kind of sport can be had, and there is a great deal of social gaiety.

Across the Nile lies Omdurman with its memories both sorrowful and great, and from here one can go on by a mail steamer of the Sudan Government and catch glimpses of a wilder and more primitive country. Groups of tribesmen gather here and there along the shore, the sun catching their long spears and shining on their dark bodies; there are quaint, low-built villages where half-naked children come out and gaze at the passing steamer, cotton-fields lie in the distance, and beyond is the virgin land of Africa. Mystery is here, the lure of the unknown, the call of adventure.

An ideal holiday, a holiday to dream of, to look back on with regret, with an undying memory of colour and sunshine, of glamour and romance.

"WAZIR"

A RELIC AS A COMPENDIUM FOR RELICS: The ancient Ramsden Museum, Luxor. Although practically in ruins, this antique building in carven granite holds many treasures riven from the bosom of the earth by exploratory hands of many nations

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU AND ITS OBJECT

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This adequately equipped bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased, no commission being accepted by the bureau from any hotel, railway company, steamship company, or travel agents. All requests are answered free, but 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your "Inquiry" to:

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Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

A SUNDIAL! The pyramid of Cheops is now believed to have been built as a gigantic sundial, and the Director of the International Fixed Calendar League is applying for permission to erect a model of the original apex—the summit of the Great Pyramid

WINTER *in* EGYPT *at* CAIRO

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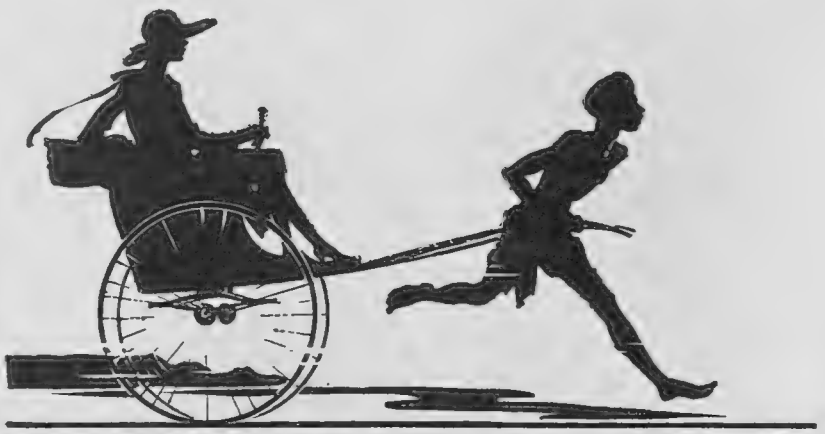

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For full particulars write The Pacific Steam Navigation Co. Goree, Water Street, Liverpool, or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

SUDAN

From December to March the climate of the NORTHERN SUDAN is ideal. Tourists can reach KHARTOUM *viâ* EGYPT, or proceed to PORT SUDAN direct by various steamship lines. Passengers travel in complete comfort both by rail and river. The GRAND HOTEL, KHARTOUM, and the PORT SUDAN HOTEL are under the Management of the Railways and Steamers Department. During the winter months the social life of KHARTOUM is at its height, and tours of great interest are organised for the benefit of visitors by Rail and Steamer.

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is one of the most easily accessible countries in which Big Game abounds, and its large territory affords a most varied choice of shooting grounds.

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PRIVATE STEAMERS

can be chartered at fixed rates which include catering, servants, transport animals, forage and attendants, bearers, skinners and camp equipment.

As the number of steamers available is subject to the demands of river traffic, prospective charterers should make early application. Excursions can also be arranged in conjunction with the Game Warden, Khartoum, for those wishing to shoot in the Blue Nile, Kordofan or Dongola Districts. Full particulars from—

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Telegrams: Sudanology, Sowest, London. *Telephone: Victoria 6515.*

The World is full of "Misfits"

. . . . . To us ordinary folk, it is difficult to suppress a smile when the gorgeously arrayed male, bent on some social occasion of terrific importance, cuts a dashing figure in a blaze of pompous splendour. We all know the corpulent gentleman who clings tenaciously to his dignity when alighting from his "baby" Austin—the sallow cheeked golf enthusiast in gay coloured plus fours and the myriads of others.

We are all critics of each other in the matter of dress yet it is quite possible that our own choice of attire may represent another tragic specimen of the world's "misfits."

CHOOSE YOUR HAT TO SUIT YOUR TYPE AND BUILD

The most characteristic part of your outdoor appearance is your hat. A well hatted man need fear no criticism in spite of creaseless trousers or ill-fitting suit. The Battersby fitting plan, based upon a series of fractional fittings, with brim and crown variations, to suit both height and build is your assurance of a perfectly suited hat that carries with it that well dressed look, which has always been the distinction of the English gentleman.

Ask your hatter to show you the range of new styles and to assist you in selecting the hat to suit you.

YOU CAN ALWAYS BE WELL HATTED BY THE BATTERSBY FITTING PLAN

Battersby HATS

Actual Makers:
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Write for illustrated literature, free on request. Agents throughout the country—names on application.

THE BATTERSBY RANGE. 20/-, 25/-, 30/-.

Look for this "B" in Your Bonnet.

Ask your hatter for a copy of

"MISFITS"

This book has a laugh in every line, profusely illustrated with humorous drawings by an artist who is a genius at portraying the funny side of everyday examples of "misfits."
Beneath the rollicking fun of the verse, however, lies a strong psychological truth—that the hat portrays the man.
Read the interesting explanation of how to choose the hat to suit every type of face and build.

FEMININE "TANKERS": Female pupils at the school for armoured cars

BOLSHEVIK AMAZONS

THE EMANCIPATING DECREE OF THE COMMUNIST TSAR

By Dr. B. SAWELJEFF

Outside Russia it is little known that at a moment's notice an army of more than 200,000 trained women could be put into the field by the Soviets. This fact gains additional importance from the recent decree enabling women who qualify to hold the highest offices in the Russian Army.

There is quite a tradition behind women soldiering in Russia by now, although a short one. With the exception of the famous girl cavalier, Mlle Durowa, who fought in the Russian army as an officer in 1812, the women in Russia had hardly more connection with soldiering than their sisters in other countries. The War altered the mentality and outlook of women in all classes, and in 1917, when the Tsar's throne was overturned, a battalion of women volunteered for service under Kerenski. Within a short time it became apparent that women were indeed of some service in battle, and soon the White Army also enlisted female soldiers. In July, 1918, when the dreadful famine broke out in Russia, during which bread was a luxury and soldiers were the only people receiving a full ration, long queues of women were lining up for hours outside the recruiting offices.

Since that time female recruits have become a regular feature of army life in the U.S.S.R., and they are being trained not only in strictly military activities but they listen also to lectures, once a week, on the tenets of Bolshevism. For a long time the first battalion remained the only one, but all the time it was kept at maximum strength. New recruits joined and trained ones left as soon as they had completed the ordinary military course. Proletarian girls rubbed shoulders with students, and public women with the daughters of what was left from the impoverished Upper Classes.

The battalion experienced its first engagement after six months in the Civil War, and it distinguished itself by deeds of unexampled cruelty. It was colloquially known as the D.O.R.A., or the Dora, strangely reminiscent of the shortened name of a rather cruel institution in this country.

The reputation of the women's battalion in the White Army was little better. During an encounter they took prisoners of the Red battalion, and are reported to have hanged all of them in cold blood, committing many atrocities on the still quivering bodies. Only the last wish of the victims for a cigarette was granted.

The total number of women who were under fire in the Revolution was estimated at only 8,0[illegible] and at the end of the Civil War th[illegible] Red battalion was disbanded. Shortly afterwards, however, it was enacted that women should be admitted to one or more years' military service, enabling them to join the reserves whenever called upon, and since then they have become a fixed component part of the Russian Army. The War Department maintains that women have proved themselves absolutely fitted for military service, and units have been formed in every arm. There are girl and woman soldiers in the infantry, in the cavalry and even in the Navy, and they are said to be particularly efficient in the machine-gun corps. In military schools a certain proportion of the women soldiers is trained, not only for the reserve, but also for permanent service. Pupils from these schools have reached all kinds of lower commissions and together with the large number of women who serve in the canteens and similar places, they bring the total of professional women soldiers up to a respectable height. Until recently, however, not even the most enthusiastic among them could reach higher positions and commands. Now, however, the War Department has issued regulations decreeing that the highest army posts should be open to women from the military schools who qualify satisfactorily. The immediate consequence will be a number of appointments for which the aspirants have already been waiting. Another consequence will be that many girl Communists of high intelligence and ambitions who have hitherto avoided military service because they could never hope to reach such high posts as in the administrative Civil Service careers will now join the army schools.

It is only a logical development of those conditions in Russia which make light of [illegible] part of the mother and increase that of the State in the care of children, and which [illegible] a large number of women free for the army, that women should play an ever increasing part in future military developments in Russia.

From the international law point of view the position of women soldiers fighting with or among their enemies is perfectly clear. It is much simpler than the personal question of conscience, say of a man who is faced with the necessity of bombing a women's platoon from an aeroplane. Under the Hague Convention it was clearly laid down that every combatant wearing uniform, whether he be male or female, is a soldier and subject to the laws of war.

ON SENTRY GO: One of Russia's Amazons on duty

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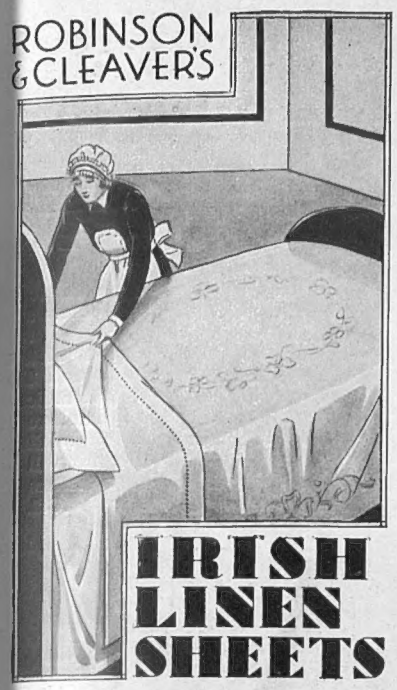

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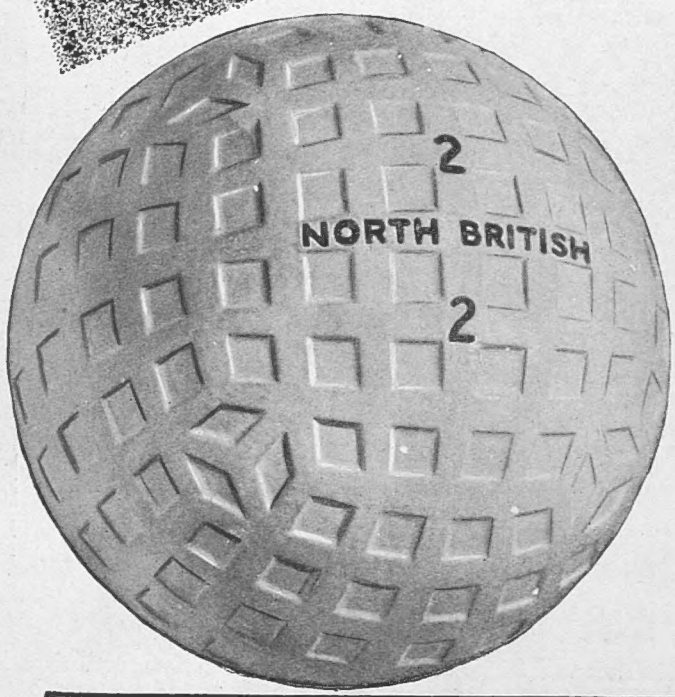

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The BRAINS of the AIR

(*Continued from p. 54*)

mist. Should a query come through such as that sent out by Imperial G.E.B.–L O. the officers in charge of each of the three stations informs the chief officer at Croydon of the reading by their direction-finding apparatus. With this information he is able to "draw a line" by means of a string attached to each of the three pegs on his map, the position of the string indicating the direction from which the lost pilot's query emanated. Where the three strings cross on the map there is the exact position of the machine when its pilot sent out his original message. The officer knows the speed of the machine and the state of the wind, so is able by a simple calculation to determine within a mile or two the position of the machine when he is ready to transmit his instructions.

The duties of the officer in charge of the control tower correspond in many respects to those of a stationmaster of a railway. When a machine has been loaded and passed as airworthy, it stands below the tower on the "tarmac" with its engines ticking over until the officer gives the word "All clear." This is indicated by a coloured disc bearing the name and number of the machine concerned being hung on the face of the tower facing the machine. The pilot then taxis out on to the field and turns about to face the wind. When he is all ready to take off and the officer in the control tower has satisfied himself that the sky is free of other 'planes a second signal is displayed; this is an orange light that is focussed on the pilot of the machine, and indicates to him that he is at liberty to open up and get away. With a roar the 'plane circles past the tower while the look-out and officer in charge listen carefully to be sure the engines are running true. Should they suspect any trouble they immediately communicate by wireless telephone with the pilot.

And so from morning till night the men in charge of the control tower listen to a veritable babel of voices.

The use of the wireless telephone by aeroplanes has provided the listener-in of Great Britain and Europe with a new diversion, for by the use of suitable coils, and by tuning in on a wave-length of 900 metres, he may overhear the interesting conversations taking place between machines in flight and their controlling bases. There is an informality about these "broadcasts" which is refreshing after the stereotyped announcements of the regular stations, and one never tires of listening to their conversations.

Notes and News

"FAUST" IN ENGLISH

We have had *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana* in English on Columbia; now comes the first complete English version of *Faust*, Gounod's most successful and one of the world's most popular of the full-length operas. Sixteen 12-in. Dark Blue records comprise the work, in addition to which is an art album (4s. 6d.) and a booklet of Chorley's words in English. Sir Thomas Beecham has conducted the work, and under his genius of direction the whole opera has taken on a new vitality and exaltation. The title-rôle is sung by Heddle Nash. His rendering of "All Hail Thou Dwelling Pure and Lowly" (side 14) is an example of faultless *legato* singing, while with "Margarita" in the Garden Scene (side 20) his impassioned phrases are indeed thrilling. Similarly the Finale (side 32) is a magnificent display of vocal artistry. Margarita is in the capable hands of Miriam Licette. Her voice has all the breadth and warmth of a dramatic soprano, and with it a *coloratura's* range and flexibility. The Jewel Song (side 16) is brilliantly sung, and in the Church Scene she is extremely good. Her high C is quite a triumph. Robert Easton is the ideal Mephistopheles, a veritable volcano of sardonic fascination. His "Calf of Gold" (side 8) and the demonic chuckle in the great Serenade aria (side 27) are but two illustrations of the clarity of his diction and the enthusiasm and sincerity of his rendering. Harold Williams is a splendid Valentine; there is no doubting the passion and appeal of his pleasing baritone. Muriel Brunskill sings "Dame Martha," Doris Vane, "Siebel" (who in the opera is a boy), and Robert Carr "Wagner," while the B.B.C. Choir furnish some amazingly fine choral work. This is Columbia's tenth opera, the third in English, and a tremendous achievement of recording.

A NOTABLE CATALOGUE

Marshall and Snelgrove's have recently issued an attractive catalogue which takes a most unusual form. The left-hand pages relate the story of woman's dress through the ages. It is interesting to compare these illustrations with those on the opposite pages which show the Marshall and Snelgrove's newest design frocks for all occasions, costumes, furs, lingerie, etc. The catalogue will be sent post free on receipt of a letter addressed to this firm.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Esher Place, Esher, Surrey, is now the Home of 170 girls under the care of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship. The official opening of this Home is November 1, when H.H. Princess Helena Victoria has kindly consented to be present and The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Guildford will dedicate the building. In the meantime suitable furniture is needed for the entrance hall of this historic building, and if any reader could help in the matter this will be very greatly appreciated. Please address letters to the Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE: Mr. W. A. Bartlett, manager director of Kolster-Brande's, receives the silver cup given by the "Wireless Trader" for the most attractive stand at the recent Radio Exhibition at Olympia

No Dinner Party is right without A GLASS of OLD MADEIRA at DESSERT.

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"And then to my attentive ears was unfolded the tale which I here put down."

A beautiful story of Napoleon

Napoleon Bonaparte. From the painting by Delaroche now hanging in Buckingham Palace.

"Wild packing, hurried departure, followed on the part of the Dohna family. When Napoleon arrived he found an empty house. Only an old servant had remained in charge, who showed the French through the Schloss: beautiful reception rooms, furnished with the most exquisite taste of the period. Finckenstein has remained practically as it was then to this day. It was a change after the miserable quarters Osterode could offer the Emperor. Napoleon was delighted with Finckenstein.

* * * *

EVENING had set in on one of the last days of April. The pink line of the horizon glowed faintly; the clear spring sky was of a deep blue tint. In one of the three rooms that formed Napoleon's private suite, the master of Europe was standing with his back to the great china stove that occupied a whole corner of the room. His hands were clasped behind him, in the characteristic attitude. He enjoyed the warmth. Napoleon was dictating to an officer bending over a writing table overflowing with papers and charts. The quill pen could scarcely follow the imperious flow of words that fell from the Emperor's lips.

The hour was late. Napoleon suddenly glanced at the clock and gave the sign of dismissal. The tired secretary heaved an inward sigh of relief as he backed out of the presence.

Napoleon went up to the window, scanned the sky, "She has a fine night for her journey," he thought. He pulled the bell. Constant, his faithful valet, appeared. Napoleon inquired once again if everything was in readiness for the expected guest, if the lights were lit on the little private staircase leading from his dressing-room to the garden. She would come that way. Constant assured him that everything was in order. Still the Emperor thought he would make sure. Crossing his bedroom, the centre of which was occupied by an imposing canopied bed, hung with red damask, Napoleon passed through his dressing-room. Here he opened a door and entered a room cosily and prettily furnished. At his orders most of Countess Dohna's personal furniture had been moved into it. Books, vases with sweet-scented flowers, stood on the tables. Constant had done his work well. Napoleon approvingly pinched his ear and returned to his study, to pace up and down in his impatient vigil.

Meanwhile a heavy carriage of the kind so inappropriately called a *dormeuse* was jolting and bumping over the ruts of the sodden spring roads. It had two occupants, a man and woman whose likeness proclaimed them brother and sister. The woman was young, slight, with a wealth of golden hair dressed in the approved Grecian fashion; insignificant features, redeemed by wonderful dreamy blue eyes. . . ."

The story of Marie Colonna Walewska, the Polish Countess who loved Napoleon for love and love alone.

By

The Baroness Buxhoeveden

Marie Colonna Walewska. From the miniature by Robert Lefebvre.

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